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ONE OF THE

CUNNING MEN

OF

SAN FRANCISCO;

OR,

WOMAN'S WRONGS:

BEING

Sketches from the Diary

OF

A NEGLECTED WIFE.

SAN FRANCISCO:
WOMAN'S CO-OPERATIVE PRINTING UNION, 424 MONTGOMERY STREET.
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ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by
AMELIA Z. CATON,
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DEDICATION.

—o—

TO THE VIRTUOUS WOMEN, AND MEN ALSO, OF THE UNITED STATES.

Since it has been the costum for centuries to show up the Xantippes, Nell Gwynns, Mrs. Caudles, etc., we—the Editress, Diarist and many others—think that it is quite time to prove that the same characters also predominate in the other sex.

We have *caught* a good specimen of his class for examination, and take the liberty of exhibiting him to the public. He avers that he acts just the same as every other man; but for more than two decades we have found him so thoroughly false that we will not believe him.

To the Rev. J. D. Fulton we would say that, although his mother or sister might when asked, "Why she wishes to do thus, or why she reaches such a conclusion," give *cause* as an invariable reply: we know of many a woman; many who, like Lucy Stone, etc., can give a good *Cause* when asked such questions.

And do you not think, my dear Sir, that there is a little mistake concerning woman's being historically a sort of after-thought and made because none of the brute creation were found adequate to be Adam's help-meet?

Does it not rather hint historically that she was not much more of an after-thought than Adam himself, who although created after the brute, was created in the image of God; a little lower than the angels; and woman being pronounced bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, must be somewhat of an angel also? We pause for a reply.

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ONE OF THE

Cunning Men of San Francisco,

OR, WOMAN'S WRONGS.

CHAPTER I.

SYLVANIA ASSOCIATION — HORACE GREELEY.

In the year 1843, and on the day that ancient New York turned itself out all "on the move," a small party of enthusiasts left the city of Gotham for Pennsylvania, with great hopes of astonishing the world by carrying out the grand idea of the philosopher, Fourier.

And while the little group are standing on the deck of the steamer which is to carry them to Piermont, answering the cheers of the friends congregated on the pier to bid them God-speed, in what was intended as a good work, permit me to introduce to my reader the two most prominent persons of our story.

Do you see that young man talking with the stout lady, with the black velvet bonnet and large plumes? That is License Cunning; how black his hairis, and how gaily he shoulders his rifle, as he is telling the lady that he intends hunting deer. His eyes are black and sharp; in figure he is slight, indeed he does not appear to be fitted in any way to fill the requirements of a pioneer of an association for making industry attractive.

What does he know of Fourier? What brought him here? A word in your ear, dear reader: License Cunning is one of the youthful members of a family whose chief characteristic is deception; licentiousness and kleptomania the ruling passions; virtue exception.

This hopeful was admited into the association through the influence of a friend. The Cunning family thought that a Fourier association was quite as good a place to hide disgrace in, as people usually think the army or navy.

But while we are talking, License has turned from the stout lady, and is trying the power of his feline orbs on that timid young lady in the black embroidered dress. That is Miss Original Pithie; on doubt he admires that wealth of dark ringlets, but he cannot appreciate those honest eyes, we know; for they who love deception, dread while they hate the truth, so we can see that she is not his affinity, but unfortunately for her there are so few young ladies in the party.

Ori was not taught family pride in the common acceptation of the term; her family pride is in truth and virtue; to suffer rather than sin has been deeply impressed on her mind; Lie cannot talk flattery to her, for her mind is above it; so he is quite at a loss what to say, and wisely keeps silent; as Ori is listening to those two who are standing near them, hoping to hear something of her patron saint, Fourier.

When our Pioneers arrived at their destination, they were very soon made to feel the inconveniences of their new mode of life; but no one thought it

advisable to find fault immediately on arrival; showing in this that they had brought an unusual amount of "hard sense" with them, which is always desirable but more particularly in such a heterogenious company as the association had brought together. Those who were conscientious had but little time to devote to regrets, though the Pithie family often wished for a "Tribune" and the leisure to read it. But there is no time for reading now, they must work to aid in building up the grand Phalanx which was to make society perfect.

License was initiated at once into the group called "bush-whackers," which although not so named by Fourier was very appropriate, and if we may judge by the appearance of that group, after a few days they must have fared hard as their naked back and shoulders began to be apparent through their neat cotton shirts bought more for city wear or to please the eye than for the work that they were now obliged to perform, and soon our deer hunter was brought to his last shirt. He had informed certain young ladies of the group in which Ori was installed that he had lost his trunk of clothes in travelling. No credence was given to this story, and Lie was the butt of all the youthful members, except Ori, who could not understand why he should not be treated with civility, as long as he was doing his best, so she became his defender. Poor Ori, thus began a life of self-sacrifice, insult and neglect.

Two young ladies were appointed each week to set tables, wait on them, wash dishes, and keep the dining-room in order; this for one hundred and fifty people, kept the two pages—as they were called—busy all day. And as the association had not a very commodious building, Ori was obliged to walk a quarter of a mile to the house in which her parents lodged. This walk night and morning, added the duties of page, was enough to discourage one with so little experience. But Ori had other trials. Jeannette Duncan, her companion page, was a course idle girl. And what made her conduct appear worse to Ori was the fact that Jeannette had been accustomed to that kind of work, and therefore better calculated to assist, than to try the tricks that she was in the habit of playing, to leave Ori more than her share. At times she punished herself severely: on one of these occasions, Jeannette left Ori while the breakfast was being served and when Ori inquired for her in the kitchen of the baker, he informed her that Jeannette had passed to the upper hall, and wished Ori to go up and find her. Ori replied, "I cannot leave the table for such child's play." Jeannette came down to breakfast very indignant, saying that she thought it too bad to be nearly smothered for an hour, merely because Ori could not take a joke. The truth was that Jeannette had gone to her mother's chamber and hid herself between the feather bed and mattress expecting Ori to come and seek for her. Thus Ori was learning more of human nature than Fourier seems to have known.

"If the spirit of Fourier could once be permitted to look down on this vast domain of our association, no earthly power could persuade him to take a second peep," said Frank Pithie to his sister one day as he came up to dinner with a group of stone gatherers. "Why, is it not beautiful, could he look down on a more romantic spot?" said Ori.

"Romance may do for girls, but our men say that we cannot raise flour nough to feed five individuals for one year; and we cannot raise any thing but rye at that."

"Well I hope that I will not be included in that five." "Better that than none," replied Frank; "but although we all feel somewhat discouraged, we have had great sport with father this morning, he is full of fun now, but I know that he will be angry enough before night. We have raised fifty pyramids of stone on one field, and father has come to a great rock; he has been digging around it and declares that there is more earth under that rock than on the whole remainder of the field; he says that they had better bring an ox team and he will help draw it up; he means to prove that we are workers, if we did come from the city. He has caused us many a hearty laugh this morning, and if he keeps in such a humor we may have spirit enough to raise fifty more pyramids before night."

The next morning Mr. Pithie bid his family farewell, telling them that he

thought it time for him to leave; he could make a voyage to Europe and perhaps some wiser man than he, would think of some other means to aid in building up an association; he knew that he could raise more bread off the sea, than they could off of rocks; he had heard of stone broth, and liked the moral of that fable, but knew of no precedent for stone bread. Many were the jests perpetrated at the expense of the committee of three, who had been commissioned to purchase the land. They had agreed to pay seven thousand dollars for twenty-three hundred acres; and as they went to purchase it when the ground was deeply covered with snow, they were unable to judge of the quality of the land. And when the pioneers came, they found that the shrewd Judge who had sold the property to them, had sold them; as he would have taken twelve hundred dollars and thought it a good bargain.

We should have stated that there were three small buildings and a saw-mill on the domain, when the association first took possession. Our pioneers were not to be daunted by their disheartening prospects, they worked on trying first one thing and then another, to make the association a paying institution. A portion of the land was well timbered, and it was thought that a charcoal pit would be profitable; and License was one of a group appointed for that purpose.

About this time an agreeable turn was given to affairs, by the arrival of Mr. Horace Greeley, who by his counsel gave a new impetus. He gave them a lecture on the Sabbath which was well attended and greatly appreciated. He took a lively interest in whatever concerned them, and worked with a hearty good will at the coal pit while he remained with them.

While License was obliged to wear Sylvania clothes, he spent all his evenings with the Pithies. He improved the time in reading aloud or in writing to his people. Ori had a very sweet voice and often entertained him with singing; but all this was very tame to one whose time had been spent while in the city with the New York firemen. The Pithies were the only friends he had been able to make thus far. His conversations with the married men were repeated to their ladies, and portions rehearsed to Ori whenever she could be persuaded to listen; but all passed with her for injustice and persecution owing to his want of dress and capability, all her sympathies were in his favor. She had wished from childhood to live as a Christian, and now she had found an object for all the charity of which she was possessed.

When with her, License was always inclined to piety, his mother he said was a Christian and he wished to be like her. He promised to abandon all the evil habits which he acknowledged he had formed in his wild city life; and Ori felt it a duty to help him keep his good resolutions. She was not aware that he was injuring her fair fame, and it was years before she could be convinced of his gross deception; thus proving that this unsophisticated child of nature was no match for this man of the world.

One Sabbath morning all the pages were waiting to receive Ori. As she entered the dining room, she observed that they were in an unusual merry mood, and before she had time to speak Ida, the most affectionate of all the group of maidens, came forward to greet her, and throwing her arm carelessly about her neck, said, "Have you seen our Lie this morning. His trunk of clothing has arrived after travelling twice from Esopus Creek to New York, at last it reached the 'mouth' of the Lackawaxen, and our men brought it up last night, and this morning no one knew him as he came up from the mill dressed in his green coat with brass buttons; he is looking gay I can assure you."

Ori listened with perfect amazement. She could not imagine what had wrought such a change in the sentiments of the young ladies of Sylvania. Could it be possible that dress alone had made all this difference? Or was it as she had suspected that all the stories told to his disadvantage were false.

She had no time for reflection; she must study this problem when she could be alone.

The Sylvania domain was quite as noted for its romantic walks as for its stony fields and lanes; and many of these winding paths were named by the young people. One they had called the "Lover's walk," and parties were fre-

quently made up to take a moonlight stroll in this locality. There was no recreation at the time of which we write, therefore, these moonlight walks were quite enchanting. In one of his rambles License had observed a cozy nook not far from the lodgings of the Pithie's, and this sylvan retreat with its mossy seat Ori made her sewing room; here she manufactured her first coat and pants, and they were made for License, at the time that he had the misfortune to loose his clothing.

She had but little time for dreaming, but as she gazed through the foliage at the mill-stream, her thoughts would revert to those happy days of childhood when Frank had found a similar bower for her. They were visiting at Hyde Park, at that time a small village on the banks of the Hudson. One morning when Frank was gathering wild flowers, he came to such a lovely spot where two trees whose branches interlaced, were covered with vines and underneath was a large stump completely covered with moss, "just as if I had done it myself," said Frank, as he led Ori to the woods to see this fairy bower; and here these happy children would sit for hours listening to the songs of the birds while reading Maria Edgworth's stories. They could get just a glimpse of the majestic Hudson as it glided along, and Frank said that when he had a home it should be on the banks of the Hudson. They had ample time then for building castles in the air, and when they fell their hearts were not crushed by the fall; but alas! those days have vanished.

Among the useful employments of the Phalanx was a shoemaking group; indeed this was the more necessary, as nature had not laid the stony road with any regard to regularity. One evening when Ori and Frank were walking to the school house,—which for the time was the lodging of Mrs. Pithie and Ori; —Frank remarked that, "this was the last place created, it is composed of the refuse." And on another occasion, Doctor Parlin, one of the Phalanx said "Ori as you don't know where all these rock came from, I will inform you that his satanic majesty was sent with his apron full of them, and ordered to scatter them over the earth, but his apron strings broke just here: do you understand now." "I understand one thing perfectly, and that is as you see that my shoes are so worn I shall be obliged to get a new pair." Ori was not aware how much she was obliged to the shoemaker's group or that her destiny was shapen by the one who shaped her shoes but so it was.

Many a time would the members of the Phalanx drop in at the shoe-shop, to tell, and hear what of news they could gather.

On one of these occasions License, whose forte was talking, began an argument with Mr. Leet the shoemaker; and ended by laying a wager, that Leet could not supersede him in Ori's esteem. We all need a stimulous to draw out the talent we may possess; and this challenge was all that License needed to induce him to exercise his indomitable perseverance.

With this peculiarity of character he might have done a world of good; but License now devoted all his energy to thwart Leet and one other in their advances toward Ori. Ori was not too young to feel the power of love, she had loved strongly, deeply, but her heart was with the dead. And now as she listened to the old story oft repeated with variations, can we blame her for believing him when he said, "Ori you can make me all you wish." Is it not one of woman's best qualities that is imposed on in all such cases. What are we when faith is dead?

License was indefatigable in his attentions and so apt in turning every thing to his advantage, that Ori's heart was filled with love for her persecuted saint. All the hints or warnings given her by the knowing ones passed with her for a lack of charity toward one so teachable and amiable.

Now the Palace of the Phalanx was to be begun, and many of the men worked with a strong determination to carry out the plans of the executive council; but owing to a centain person who was sent with power to order the affairs of the association, all came to nought subsequent to the laying of the corner stone.

Mrs. Pithie considered it her duty to write to the executive council and inform them of the doings and speculations of this vain man; who traveled

"on his shape," if we may be allowed to use a California expression, and perfectly deceived the members of the council.

To give our reader some idea of the difficulties brought about by this man, we will transcribe a portion of reply, the Mrs. Pithie received to her letter.

"Your letter of the fifteenth reached me to day, and I sit up till after midnight to give it an immediate answer. The difficulties attending the Sylvania enterprise, are now very formidable, they have been created in good part by the conduct of some of our people on the Domain. All our efforts to inspire public confidence and obtain subscriptions, have been thwarted by the stories continually multiplying in every quarter, of dissentions, intrigues, difficulties and inefficiency on the Domain. The stories we could not overthrow, for they had too much foundation in truth. A great many of our pioneers appear to be animated by a disposition to make as few sacrifices for, and secure as great immediate advantages from the cause as possible. With such a spirit is success possible? I confess I have great anxiety on your account, the difficulties are now formidable, yet they might easily have been avoided in due season. From the first we have told the pioneers that their's was a work of privation and self-sacrifice. Has it been prosecuted in that spirit? I fear that by many it has not.

* * * * * * * * * *

As to Mr. Riker, the fault you find with his course should have been kindly pointed out to him, before it was repeated to another, to his prejudice. I do not see that I can personally do any thing to thwart the views of the council or overrule its decision. Yet I wish a different course was possible. I write this letter to you, but I wish the views it contains made known to all who may care to see what view I take of our present trouble. Will you be so good as to tell all that they are at liberty to read this.

Yours, H. G.

Mrs. Pithie felt grieved that she had written, when she learned that she had increased the labor of the overtasked Editor; but after the perusal of this letter Mrs. Pithie felt persuaded that it would be to the advantage of the association to give up her position as instructress, and take the district school of the neighborhood of which she had had the offer. Frank had gone with a party to the mouth of the Lackawaxen to establish a shoe shop for the benefit of the Phalanx. Another company had left for New York previous to this. License and Ori went with this company. They had vowed to live for each other.

License before they left chose the apartment that he wished for in the Palace. The architectural plan of the edifice of the Phalanx was not unlike the palace of the Tuileries.

Before proceeding with our narrative, for the gratification of our readers we will take the liberty of transcribing a chapter from "Brisbane on Association."

CHAPTER II.

FOURIER'S GRAND DREAM.

We have spoken of the edifice of a Phalanx, we will now give a general idea of its domain. The system of cultivation pursued in association, admits of three amalgamated methods or orders, which we will compare to the three orders of architecture:

1. The Simple, or Massive Order, to the Doric.
2. The Mixed, or Vague Order, to the Ionic.
3. The Compound, or Interlaced Order, to the Corinthian.

1st. The Simple, or Massive Order, is that which excludes the intermingled cultivation of Fruits, Grains and Vegetables on the same ground. It exists in full in grain-growing districts, where all is cultivated fields or one side, and all woodlands on the other; although among the wheat-lands, there are many spots better adapted to other productions, especially to vegetables, as in the

woodlands, there are gentle slopes suited to the cultivation of Fruit trees, of the Vine, etc, and plains adapted to lawns and glades. These openings would benefit the forests, as they would leave spaces for the action of the sun's rays and the circulation of the air, which are necessary to the growth of the trees.'

2nd. The Mixed or Vague Order, is that varied and irregular style of Cultivation, which we see in parks; it is very pleasing when judiciously employed, but insignificant, when applied on a small scale as in civilization, where hills and lakes are crowed together in a space not larger than a court-yard. Association being opposed to uniformity, will employ at various points this vague style, particularly where the country is broken; it admits, as if by accident of the combinations of all the branches of Cultivation, and all kinds of occupations, and forms an agreeable contrasts with the other oders.

3rd. The Compound or Interlaced Order, is the opposite of the civilized system, according to which every person would like, if possible to surround his lands with a fortress, and entrench himself against every thing around him. This is judicious in civilization, in a society which is a collection of rogues, great and small, and in which the great hang the small; but in the combined order, where there is no danger of thefts, the most extended application will be made in its system of cultivation of the Compound or Interlaced Order. Each serie will extend branches in various directions—will extend advanced lines and detached plots and squares into the grounds of all those series, whose centres of operation are distant from their own.

The Massive Order is the only one which bears any resemblance to the rude system of the civilizees, who plant all the flowers in one place, and all the fruit trees in another; who collect all the meadows on one side, and all the grain lands on the other; they lay out their fields without connection, and their whole system of cultivation is in a state of unniversal incoherence and methodical excess.

Each individual on his own land, however, makes an abuse of the interlaced order, for wishing to raise on the ground he owns all productions necessary to his consumption, he cultivates twenty kinds of grain and vegetables on a piece of land which is not adapted to one-half of them. A farmer cultivates indiscriminately wheat and oats, beets and cabbages, hemp and potatoes upon a soil adapted to wheat alone, and then sows with wheat entire fields, which require a varied cultivation.

Another important consideration with the civilizees is the danger of thefts. In the combined order no risks of this kind will exist, and the system of cultivation can be based fully on the adaptation of crops to soils, and nothing will prevent a judicious distribution in this respect. This distribution is regulated by the three methods, above mentioned: the Massive, the Vague and Interlaced; the combined application of which is necessary in association to unite groups and series occupied differently, and concert meetings between them in their occupations, so as to interest each other in their pursuits.

A Phalanx, cultivating its domain as if it were the property of a single individual, first ascertains the best use that can be made of each part of it, the diversity of cultivation of which it is susceptible, and the accessory objects which can be cultivated jointly with the pivotal one on each variety of soil. The object of this diversified cultivation is to bring different groups together on the same grounds, so as not to leave a group isolated in its work, although the work is not continued for more than two hours.

For this reason, each branch of cultivation is interlaced and connected as far as possible with every other. The gardens, which with us are placed near the dwellings, are not in association concentrated around, and confined to the vicinity of the Palace of the Phalanx; they extend to the fields, and detached beds and plots of flowers and vegetables, which diminish by degrees, are interspersed among the fruit orchards, meadows and woodlands, wherever the soil permits. In the same manner the orchards, which are more distant from the Palace, have clusters of fruit trees placed in its vicinity as connecting points; rows are also scattered through the gardens, between the beds of flowers and vegetables, and along the walls.

This intermingling of various branches of cultivation, which is pleasing to

the eye, is more important still, as it promotes sociability, and leads to friendly unions between groups and series. The Serie devoted to the cultivation of pears, may have its large orchards three quarters of a mile distant from the gardens, but it connects its branch of cultivation with that of the gardens by planting in their vicinity a cluster of forty or fifty trees, of such varieties as are best adapted to the soil. This cluster, which requires the attention of a group of the fruit serie, gives rise to frequent meetings between the members and those of the groups of gardeners. On the other hand, the serie occupied with the cultivation of the gardens, has some beds and plots of flowers and vegetables situated in the immediate vicinity of the large pear-orchards; and at times one or more groups of gardeners mingle with those occupied in the orchards, from a coincidence of occupation on the same grounds.

This intermingling of groups should be favored in every way; occupations should be so distributed that each serie could extend plots of vegetables and flowers, or clusters of trees to the grounds of its neighbors, and bring some of its groups in contact with theirs. This amalgamation of cultivation and occupations will give rise to meetings of groups, and the divers ties which grow out of them.

Particular care should also be taken to concert meetings of groups of the two sexes, so as to interest them in each others branches of Industry. If, for example, there is a large meeting of the serie cultivating pears at its principal orchard, situated three quarters of a mile from the Palace, it should, in its afternoon work, see united with, or at work around it.

1st. One or more groups from a neighboring Phalanx, come to take part with it in its occupations of the day.

2nd. A group of lady-florists, who are assembled to cultivate some borders of flowers which form a line between the pear orchards and the adjoining fields, and offer an agreeable prospect from a neighboring road.

3rd. A group of gardeners assembled to cultivate a bed of vegatables, which thrive at that point.

4th. A group of strawberry girls, coming from their beds in the woodland glades, situated near the pear orchards. At half-past five; a repast is sent from the Palace for all these groups; and as it is the serie of pear growers, which presides on the occasion—the other groups being merely detachments of series—it is in their Pavilion that the repast is served. It is a slight collation, which occupies half an hour, and at which all the groups are assembled; the repast over, they disperse—forming previously, however, friendly ties, and concerting industrial meetings for the ensuing days.

It is to be remarked, that these meetings of Industrial groups are not mere assemblages for amusement: they call out strong corporative rivalries; the different Groups interest themselves in each others pursuits, discuss the means of perfecting their branches of industry, and concert measures for sustaining the industrial reputation of their Phalanx and of neighboring Phalanxes. Every thing in the Combined order should tend to the good of Industry and to the increase of riches.

Many a civilizee will probably remark that he would not permit his wife or daughters to be present at such assemblages. In Association he will judge differently; he will know that nothing secret can there take place, as all their actions are observed. Besides, as marriages in Association will be extremely easy, and that without marriage portions, the young girls will be sure to find suitable matches between the ages of sixteen and twenty. Up to that time they can be left at full liberty, because they supervise each other: no guard is so sure as the eye of a rival.

The dependent condition of woman in a pecuniary point of view in our Societies, is the principal cause of the prostitution of female virtue.

In Association, every woman will be perfectly independant; in its system of attractive industry she will acquire riches; she will participate in all social advantages, and will be able to consult and follow freely, the true inspirations of her heart, which are always noble. There is a much more delicate sentiment of personality in woman than in man, and this sentiment is the foundation of virtue. When the position of woman shall allow her to act in ac-

cordance with the true and natural tendency of her nature, when she can dictate the laws, which regulate her destiny, then society will possess a true system of morality. The want of elevation, or rather the abasement which so generally exists in the relations of the sexes, arises from the fact that man alone establishes the laws of morality, and dictates to woman her line of conduct.

In Association, let a moral code come from woman—from woman, free and independent—who has no favors to ask of man, who does not live upon his industry; and then for the first time we shall see truth and dignity established in the intercourse of the sexes, or in the two passions, love and paternity—then we shall see these branches of the harmonies of human nature developed with purity and elevation.

Association, as we see, requires the combined employment of the three orders: the interlaced, the mixed, and the massive. To facilitate the amalgamation of these methods of cultivation, they must be connected and united wherever the soil permits.

If a plot of ground be favorable to the growth of six or eight kinds of fruits or vegetables; if the declivities and sides of a hill, for example, admit of the cultivation on its different parts: first, of peas; second of beans; third of carrots; fourth, of onions; fifth, of apples; sixth, of peaches; seventh, of the vine; these different productions should be cultivated by various groups on its different sides, facing to the North, South, East and West. Each group would have its Pavilion and all the groups would unite to maintain, at their joint expense, a large central one.

This distribution is of the second or mixed order. Association proceeds methodically in the application of these three orders; upon plains, the Interlaced method is adopted: beds, squares, plots, etc., of fruits and vegetables are laid out in straight or curved lines, in regular or winding beds, according to the varieties of soil. On hill-sides, the mixed or irregular order, which requires a varied system of cultivation according to slopes, exposures and means of irrigation will be employed.

This connection of all branches of cultivation whether in straight or right-angle paralellograms, or in irregular and picturesque plots, forms a variety, the aspect of which is as pleasing as the civilized method is monotonous. This method has, as its predominant defect, the excessive use of the Simple or Massive order; vast fields are sown with a single grain, like wheat, the varieties of which would be better adapted to other kinds of soil; or it falls on the other hand into a contrary excess, in what may be termed a diffuse mixed order on a small space; as in case where three hundred farming families cultivate three hundred plots of cabbages on three hundred pieces of ground, hardly a tenth of which are adapted to their cultivation.

A Phalanx cultivating its large domain, as if it were the farm of a single individual, unexposed to thefts, can adopt combinedly the three systems of cultivation. Their combination would unite the useful with the agreeable; to the advantage of superior production, it would add beauty of prospect; it would afford also, the means of assembling groups on the same grounds, of associating them in thier rivalries, of increasing their emulation and of stimulating them to greater exertions.

Such a system of cultivation is impossible in civilization, owing to the small scale on which most branches of agriculture, such as gardening and the raising of fruit, are carried on,—branches which the danger of thefts and the want of skillful cultivators limit to the tenth part of their proper proportion.

But in Association in which a vast deal is consumed and a vast deal exported, every branch of cultivation should, if possible, be developed in detail. A choice, however, should be made of such varieties as are best adapted to the forming of Series. A single fruit, like the melon, could be cultivated in scattered plots, interlaced with other squares and beds, so as to combine all the conditions necessary for the formation of a serie. These plots scattered over a domain three miles square, could be connected in a hundred ways with beds of flowers and vegetables, and favor in every manner meetings of groups and their connection in industry. The cultivation of fruits, flowers, vegetables,

and grains, the care of meadows, forests, reservoirs of fish, etc., should be connected and interlaced in every possible manner in order to mingle groups and series, and give activity to their rivalries.

When the Compound or Interlaced Order, which is the most beautiful, cannot be employed, the mixed or second order, which is well suited to the formation of ties and connextions can be adopted; the civilized or simple method, that is, the Massive Order, will be made use of in locations only, where no other can be followed. And in cases even where the nature of the soil renders that order necessary, care will be taken to diversify it by the introduction of borders of flowers and rural ornaments.

The Massive Order, however, is not disagreeable: it is noble even when judiciously employed and surrounded properly with other branches of cultivation; it is insiped in civilization from its general application, and from the absence of embellishments.

In the Massive Order, which comprises the more laborious branches of agriculture, woman will only take an accessory part; they will devote themselves to the care of borders of flowers and shrubbery and other embellishments.

We see at present in some countries partial examples of the interlacing of different branches of cultivation: for example in vineyards on high grounds, where, under alleys of cherry, plum and other fruit trees, rows of wheat, corn and vegetables are cultivated. These interlacings present a feeble image of the material arrangement of one of the three orders, but not of the passional, as they do not lead to any of those unions of different groups, which they frequently produce in association,—unions which at their termination are enlivened with a collation or slight repast.

Before leaving this subject, we must insist particularly on the necessity of combining the three orders. So poor an application is now made of them that they are mere caricatures of what they should be. We can judge of the fact by the mixed or vague order, to which we see an approach in some of the elegant and picturesque royal gardens of Europe.

These gardens are, like the shepards and the pastoral scenes of theatres, pleasing examples of the beautiful in agriculture; they give on a small scale some slight idea of what the distribution of a domain in association would be; but they are bodies without souls, as we see no groups of workmen employed in them. It is better so than to see the poor and oppressed laborers of civilization.

Such gardens should be animated by the presence of twenty or thirty industrial groups, with their display of elegant implements, costumes, etc. The Combined Order will, in occupations most exposed to dirt, introduce a comparative elegance; the gray frocks of a group of ploughmen, the blue spotted ones of a group of mowers, will be set off by borders, girdles and distinctive ornaments of their series; the wagons and harnesses can be also neatly ornamented, and the ornaments so arranged as not to be exposed to dirt.

Could we see in a beautiful valley cultivated according to the mixed or vague order, all these groups in activity, shaded by colored awnings, working in scattered companies, marching to the sound of instruments, and singing in chorus as they changed the location of their work; then see the domain studded with bowers and pavilions with their colonades and spires, instead of huts and hovels, we would believe the country enchanted, imagine it a fairy scene; still it would be comparatively monotonous, for it would embrace only one of the three agricultural orders—the Mixed or Vague. We should not see the interlaced order, which is much more brilliant, and which gives to the domain covered with its beds of flowers and vegetables and its fields of grain the appearance of a vast army, executing different evolutions, each represented by some vegetable serie.

Instead of the charm and elegance of this unitary system of cultivation, we see in the fields of civilization a miserable and ruinous confusion. Three hundred families cultivate three hundred beds of peas or onions, which are laid out without order or regularity, and which form a complete burlesque of the connected or interlaced method, according to which on the grounds of a Phalanx three hundred beds of vegetables would be divided into squares of

genius, species, varieties and shades of varieties, adapted to soils and connected by divisions which would form the wings, centres and transitions of the serie.

Let us apply this method to the cultivation of some favorite fruit and vegetable, for example to melons and peas. The serie of melon-growers, to take advantage of all varieties, of soils, may extend its operations for a mile in length, and so divide its grounds as to form three divisions, thirty plots, and three hundred beds.

If we suppose the centre of the serie at work in front of the palace, the right wing to the east and the left wing to the west, there may be the distance of a mile from one wing to the other. These three divisions will extend their beds of transition in various direction, and interlace them with the beds and squares of other series.

The same day that the groups cultivating peas are at work along the foot of the hills, we will suppose that the serie of melon-growers is engaged on the sides, that its banners are hoisted on its pavilions surmounted with gilt melons, and that both the series are increased in numbers by groups from neighboring Phalanxes, who have come to take part in the work.

The scene, which is highly animated by these scattered groups, will be still more so by the ardor and gaiety which animate them,—ardor and gaiety, which are banished from the occupations of our hired laborers, who stop at every moment, resting on their spades and gaping around for diversion.

If on such an occasion some philosopher or politician, in traversing the country, were to contemplate from his carriage the beautiful spectacle which all these series in action would present, with their groups, their banners and awnings scattered along the eminences, and through the valley, studded with rich pavilions in the centre of which rises the Palace of the Phalanx, overlooking majestically the domain,—he would believe himself transported to a new world, and begin to think that the earth, when governed according to the Combined or Divine Order, will eclipse in beauty all that our poets have imagined of the Olympic abodes.

To return to details: Two series cultivating different fruits or vegetables, will take care not to form, like the civilizees, large isolated beds or plots, without connection. They will, as we have before remarked, avail themselves of every variety of soil and exposure to connect and interlace their branches of cultivation with all others around them.

Notwithstanding the extent of grounds over which a serie may extend its operations, there will not be connected with its work the thirtieth part of the complication which now exists in the cultivation of three hundred little gardens, nine-tenths of which perhaps are badly located for the cultivation of a vegetable, like the pea, and the soil of which is unadapted to its different varieties. On the domain of a Phalanx on the contrary all varieties could be cultivated, for beds of them could be scattered over its surface, and located where nothing else could thrive as well.

When grounds are equally well adapted to various productions, their beds and squares are interlaced according to the third order. It is by the union of this third order with the second or Vague, and the first or massive with its borders, that the fields of a Phalanx seen from a height, will present in the vegetable kingdom the appearance of several large armies, or of the successive evolutions which a single one may perform. The forests even will offer this varied aspect, because they will be diversified by numerous cultivated lawns and glades, the distribution of which, enters into the system of the amalgamation of the three orders.

To give life and animation to the fields, it is of but little consequence what series are engaged. The scene will be more enlivened, more diversified, if instead of two series, furnishing sixty groups, detachments of thirty series, each furnishing two gronps, are employed.

Thus on a fine morning, if instead of seeing sixty groups occupied with the cultivation of melons and peas, there are but two, to which fifty-eight others are added, some cultivatnig asparagus and lettuce, some carrots and onions, the fields will have a gayer appearance; it will answer, however, if they are

occupied by a large number of groups at work, and if the scene in the distance is sufficiently animated by persons in action.

As occupations are of short duration, a general movement among the groups is often seen as they change their positions at half past six, eight and ten in the morning, and also in the afternoon. Nothing of this activity exists in the lonesome fields of civilization, where the laborer is occupied the entire day through with the same work.

The charm of these rural scenes would be diminished, if the fields were cultivated, as they are at present, by poor laborers, whose condition excited pity. It would be the beautiful in Nature separated from the welfare of the laboring mass—a constant contradiction of civilization, in which the beautiful exists only at the expense of the useful. Whatever is beautiful in gardens and edifices in this society, is unproductive: and on the other hand, what is useful and productive,—cultivated fields and manufactories,—offer a painful spectacle to the benevolent man; he sees them filled with destitute workmen; whose primary wants are hardly satisfied; exposed in the fields to a hot sun without refreshments, or an awning to shade them, or confined in close and unhealthy manufactories; while in some neighboring town or city the idle, rich and loungers in gardens and places of amusement, are supplied with ice-creams, wines and every delicacy.

These pleasures of civilization will, in association be allied with the charms of productive industry. If a hundred groups are at work scattered over the domain of a Phalanx, each will be provided with these luxuries, which in civilization the rich alone enjoy; each will have refreshments of various kinds in its pavilion, such as fruits, preserves, wines, etc.; and if the occupation is not of the kind, which ends with a repast at the pavilion of some serie, refreshments will be sent from the Palace to the different groups. Thus the useful and the beautiful, which are in discord in civilization, will universally be allied in the Combined or Divine order.

How many errors have been committed by philosophers and politicians, who pretend to point out to the world the paths to social happiness, not one of whom has had genius enough to comprehend that neither justice nor happiness are compatible with civilization, and that so far from endeavoring to introduce them into this society; which is a sink of vices, true wisdom would consist in replacing civilization by association, which is the only avenue to social good.

CHAPTER III.

MARRIAGE—KLEPTOMANIA—INTRIGUE.

When we were a child we used to call it the greatest treat to spend an hour or two at the Museum of the great Barnum. And among other things we remember certain words of the mimic Magician there. One of a number of interrogations appears so applicable that we cannot resist the temptation to repeat. It was this: "What should a young lady do to get rid of her lover?" The Magician tapping a small drawer with his wand, which opened and returned this wretten answer: Marry him : and he will become her husband.

License and Ori were married in May, 1844. And Ori found herself domiciled directly opposite the hose-house, to which License belonged. He had kept the secret of his fireman propensities well. He had played false to Ori, but gained the wager he had made with Mr. Leet. License spent all his evenings at the hose-house. Ori never saw him until the "wee sma hours ayant the twal."

What cared he for Ori's bitter disappointment and loneliness. And if he saw a tear fall, he reminded her that she was his wife now, and must do as he willed, and as to spending an evening with her; what fine fun the boys would make of him if he should spend an evening at home; he never meant to be tied to a woman's apron-strings, no woman should boss over him.

Ori never tried to rule any one; faultless she was not, but a domineering

spirit was not one of her faults; but this lord of creation seemed to think it a disgrace co be kind or atientive to his wife. He was not willing that she should go any where; except occasionally he would go with her to the Protestant Episcopal Church in Vandewater street.

The cunning family were great church people, and License had chosen Vandewater street church for the purpose of watching certain young ladies who attended that communion. Ori was not aware of the reason of this choice at the time, and if she had known all that passed in his mind she would have been wholly discouraged. What a blessed prevision of Providence that our destiny is hidden from us. The soul stirring music and the happy thought that License was in the right place to receive good impressions caused Ori to forget her troubles and disappointments for the time. But the raven locks of License were not likely to change color from early piety.

One day he came home earlier than usual. Ori wondered where he could be going; but License's mother had taught him never to give reasons to inferiors; so Ori did not learn until the following day, that many little things were missed from the store, and that he was discharged in consequence. His brother Claude, he said, who called often at the store had a habit of nipping little things. It was hard to be obliged to suffer for him. But Claude was the pet of the family, and all his faults were excused.

A few days after Claude called and inquired for License. Ori informed him that License was across the street.

"What a pity that Lie will go with those firemen all the time."

Ori who had been instructed in regard to Claude's character, replied;

"I am glad that he does nothing worse than associate with firemen."

Claude crossed the street, and Ori had retired to an adjoining apartment, and sat with half closed door at her embroidery; when Claude and License returned together, and and when seated, Claude began unfolding a parcel which Ori knew to be the missing articles which License had described to her neither knew that she saw or heard them.

What was she to do! All power of motion was suspended. She could neither think nor speak.

The two men soon left and Ori recovering herself, began packing up a few articles of clothing, intending to leave and return to her friends; but, as second thoughts are said to be the best, Ori concluded not to leave. Had she not promised to be faithful to him until death? Had she not wished to be a Christian? And should she shrink from her cross now? No, he would do worse if left alone, when by praying for him, and helping him, she might be the means of saving him yet.

Thus Ori reasoned; but her reasoning was false as the sequel will show.

One of the gay companions of License had wealth and leisure. The elder Marquis had amassed a fortune, and Ferdinand, his son was but too happy in dissipating it. Ferdinand was a perfect Adonis, and being a man of means, License a scion of an aristocratic family, with his shrewd eye to business, took great pleasure in presenting him to Ori. This Adonis no doubt thoughl all the fairer portion of creation of the same mind. He could not believe, that Ori would not be captivated at once. He called frequently enquiring for her; but she often sent an excuse, License not being at home.

One Sabbath evening several young friends of License called on Ori, and proposed going to an ice-cream garden; the night was too warm to be comfortable in church, they said. Ori was shocked at this, but License who appeared to be cognizant of the fact, had sent Mr. Marquis to escort Ori, he would take no denial, he had come purposely for her.

License had given up church going, and spent most of his time in the hose-house. It would be folly in us to say that Ori could not realize the difference between the gallant Marquis and the abusive License. How many times would License have brought tears to her eyes in that short walk? But the gay Marquis—in a half suppressed voice—tried to assure her that there was no harm in making one's self comfortable on such a warm night, if it was the Sabbath. License was very much to blame, he said; she should go out every night and enjoy life. In his intense love for her License had really been very

selfish to hide her away so long, and Marquis hoped to see more of her for the future. License always spoke so highly of her, that the boys all wished for the pleasure of her acquaintance.

Ori listened to all the pleasantries of the gallant Marquis and decided to be more reserved than ever.

Now she saw the necessity of more energetic action. So on the morrow, after attending to her morning duties, she sallied out with a full determination to procure work of some sort, that she might help herself and aid License in some purer mode of life. She had not yet learned that what is inborn is not easily eradicated.

Do not lose all patience with Ori, dear reader, and call her an absurd creature or an idiot, or a "spooney," for indeed she was none of these, she was certainly a type of pure womanhood, such as we see daily, what they suffer physically and mentally is not expressed perhaps until they lose all hope of reclaiming the loved one, or rather, till love and faith have fled; when to save herself from total annihilation, the poor tried soul is obliged to leave the author of her life-long sacrifice, to brave the world's scorn and the criticism of both friends and foes.

But revenous a nos moutons. License soon found profitable amusement, just suited to his capacity. It so happened that Marquis ever on the watch for prey, overheard Jim Parker, one of the boys, remark, "My wife is handsome, but her sister beats her all hollow, you can't find a beauty anywhere that can beat Louise." The fair Louise and her husband live neighbors to this noble lord, and for a weekly compensation he agreed with the Marquis to introduce him to Louise, and he and License to help on the intrigue. The fun of the boys progressed splendidly. Louise received small presents and huge flattery, while Jim and License were paid liberally for their services. It is a pity that any one, either man or woman, should so degrade themselves as to accept flattery.

In a short time the fair Louise found that,

"When lovely woman stoops to folly"

woman gets all the censure, and man is lauded as a clever fellow for doing what any masculine might do

The husband of the fair Louise by some means became cognizant of her faithlessness and obtained a divorce. The Adonis married and cast Louise aside, little knowing or caring what became of her. The noble Jim could taunt his wife, and her frail sister for the villainy he himself had concocted while he laughed in his sleeve.

All the while this intrigue was in progress, Ori who had procured needlework from a store on Broadway, found her time fully occupied. But as License, like Judas, carried the purse, she never had a cent to spend for her own pleasure, or even to purchase the necessary articles of dress that every woman is entitled to. And to add to her cares Claude was to take up his abode with them. He had become a perfect abomination to the wife of his elder brother, Tobias Peter Cunning, Esq. Tobias Peter thought, no doubt, that as Ori had taken so kindly to License, she could not refuse Claude as a boarder, but must admire him on account of the family resemblance.

Ori accepted the situation and did her best. But her way of managing was not the proper one, for the peculiar dispositions she was obliged to contend with.

Claude was amiable; we will say this much in his favor; but she could not remain alone wtth him, and when she left him alone, his habit of nipping things overruled his bitter judgment, she lost several mementoes which were invaluable to her. License procured a clerkship, and appeared to be getting along smoothly enough. But Claude who was always obliged to visit his brother at the store, found out that License was crrying on an intrigue on his own account.

Claude brought home several of the love epistles sent by the young lady to License in answer to his billet doux. The lady was evidently grossly deceived, as Ori found that he had represented himself as a single gentleman of some means.

License kept up the visits and correspondence until the lady received proof positive, through certain young ladies who were well acquainted with him, that License was a married man.

It was the wish of Tobias Peter in sending Claude to License that he might learn to live as the poor lived; but the amiable Claude did not care for the punishment, he said that he had taken bread bonny-clabber often for lunch, when living with Tobias Peter, and he relished the dinners in his present home much better.

But "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream," Tobias Peter found employment for him, and he parted with his brother License for the time without a regret on either side. A year had passed with little of happiness to Ori, and no improvement in the character of License.

The Pithie's were contemplating a return to New York, and Ori wearied and lonely, begged License to invite them to take apartments in the house with him. License kindly acceded to her request, and the Pithie's were once more settled in their native city. Frank had a thirst for knowledge, and spent all his leisure in reading; License on the contrary had not read a sentence since his marriage, at least not to Ori; but she spent many happy evenings with her friends around her. Mrs. Pithie had subscribed to Bleakley's library; she was a very fine reader and took great pleasure in reading aloud. Frank had a fancy for the ridiculous, his mind was stored with the many humorous things which he read, and he had such a talent for bringing in his conversation some side-spliting anecdote that kept them merry all the time that he was with them. Ori attended certain entertaining lectures of Professor Wines with Frank; and then there was Godey's Ladies' Book to look forward to every month. Ah! these were happy days. It was well for them that they could not anticipate the awful calamity that was soon to befall them.

Mrs. Boyle, an elder sister of License, found her affinity and discarded her widow's weeds. Mr. Ayres, the gentleman whom she married, was infinitely superior to any of her family, so she had been as fortunate as License in bringing in a little leaven. Mr. and Mrs. Ayres were boarding; and the lady found it inconvenient to recieve her youngest son from boarding-school at the Christmas holidays. Their grandfather, Doctor Boyle, paid all the expenses of her three boys. License was requested to take the youngest to board for this vacation. The lad came and Ori, who loved this sister-in-law, wished to do all in her power to make her little son comfortable; but as License had parted with Claude's chamber furniture, he ordered Ori to take Frank's bed and give it to Alexis Boyle. This order was the most presumptious one Ori had as yet received. She could not hint such impertinence to Frank or Mrs. Pithie. She was at her wits end to know how to get Alexis a bed. License had invited her to go with him to a ball a short time previous. But when she reminded him that she had not the proper dress for such an occasion, he informed her that "the funds were too low, and he could find ladies already dressed who could enjoy a ball much better than she could." So Ori knew that there was no use in pressing the matter any further, and felt it to be the height of folly to ask for what was absolutely necessary. Dear reader what is your impression in regard to women who can enjoy the society of married men who give the information that their wives desire them to go and enjoy themselves, while they,—their wives—remain at home?

"How License has changed since he left the Association," said Frank as he came near Ori with a music book in his hand; "you are looking so blue tonight, let us have a little music."

"Oh, Frank I am so puzzled, Alexis is here, and I don't know where he is to sleep. Would you have any objection to his sleeping with you." "No," said the obliging Frank. "What a shocking cough he has."

"Yes, he has had asthma since his sixth year, poor fellow." So it was a settled thing that the noble and obliging Frank would take the sick boy to sleep with him.

Alexis was very domestic, quiet and polite. Not particularly pleasant to Ori or Frank; and not particularly disagreeable either. He would sit by Auntie's side and read the Police Gazette—Uncle's only reading matter at the

time—and choosing the greatest villain as a model,—at least Ori thought so—ask Auntie if she did not think that a smart man. At other times he would amuse Ori with a recital of his school life. He told her of one of his teachers who had examined his phrenological developments, and informed him that the combination of his most prominent organs would tend to make him a theif and a murderer.

"Then you ought to cultivate conscientiousness and benevolence, and don't read Uncle's paper any more, that is a good boy," said Ori. "Frank subscribes to the Mechanics' Library, and we are well supplied with good books which you are welcome to read. I like to read Sunday-school books, don't you."

"No, they are too tame for me. I like something a little exciting, you see Auntie; do you not think that I am very much like uncle Claude?"

"No, said Ori, thinking that the lad did not understand Claude's character; and therefore did not know what he was talking about. But her answer seemed to offend; and she scarcely knew how to conciliate him. But before she could turn over in her mind what she could do or say to please, Alexis began singing his favorite ditty; which being too sublime to be entirely lost to the worlde we will repeat:

—"Arise old Napararra, arise old Napararra,
Ketch him by the wool, and hit him in the eye ball-bim."

This he sang with great effect, to music of his own composition, and to charm Ori, and display his musical talent to its utmost, when he sang his highest notes he would raise himself on tiptoe, lift up his right hand whirling round his index finger. This was the height of sublimity, and no doubt our reader can realize its beauty by our description, quite as well as one can imagin, the high notes of Jenny Lind by a mere description.

Alexis brought the amount of his board bill and handed it to Ori, who felt obliged to give it to License at once. This was decidedly wrong, and Ori regretted all her life that she did not take the money and make Alexis comfortable with a bed of his own. The abusive tongue of License, which she dreaded so much, would not begin to compare with the years of agony which her cowardice caused.

Perhaps Mrs. Ayres had instructed her son to give the money to Ori, as she had known poverty, although she was the sister of Tobias Peter and the daughter-in-law of Docter Boyle. In widowhood she had been dependent in some measure on her own exertions. She knew what a trial it was to work for a store to help one's self, and Ori knew that to work for the Ladies' Depository was as great a damper to innate pride as working for any other store. In deed it was more disagreeable to her to meet some unfeeling one, who, putting on French airs, would step before her to remind her of her poverty. She preferred to associate with the poor or be severely alone.

SORROW.

"We fathom not the mighty plan,
The mystrey of God and man;
We women when afflictions come,
We only suffer. and are dumb.

And When the tempest passing by,
He gleams out, sun-like, through our sky,
We look up, and through black clouds riven,
We recognize the smile of heaven.

Ours is no wisdom of the wise,
We have no deep philosiphies:
Child-like, we take both kiss and rod,
For he who loveth knoweth God·

One morning Frank noticed an eruption on his hands, and remarked to Alexis:

"This belongs to you. I never was ill, or had any eruption on me in my life."

"That is nothing," replied Alexis, "it is no disease, I have had it always.

it comes and goes away again; and as to the itching, I am used to that, I don't mind it in the least."

But Frank was not reassured, he felt certain that it was the begining of some disease. So he called on a physician whose office he passed on the way to his store, and learned to his mortification and dismay, that it was not as he suspected, the first symptoms of disease, but the disease in full force. It was Scabies. Frank came home and informed the family of the physicians opinion and advice.

Alexis, who had been to his grandfather, said that Doctor Boyle called it asthma sores and had given him somethtng to cure him but, said he to Frank, "you can't have any."

License brought sulphur and instructed Mrs Pithie to make an ointment; and the next morning finding Frank completely covered with the eruption, License directed him to anoint only a portion of his body at one time. But Frank, with his pride, did not wish his employer to know that he had contracted such a loathsome disease.

In his anxiety to cure himself at once, he anointed his whole body, saying that "License never did speak the truth, and if a small quantity was so good, more would be better."

His employer could not spare him to be ill; and although it was a rainy day, he must trudge down Broadway to John street. He did not return at night. His employer prepared a bed for him, although his illness was not apparent. Still he knew that Frank was a truthful lad and could not practice deception. In the morning he took breakfast with Mrs. Pithie, and Ori caught only a glimpse of him for some time.

On one occasion Alexis asked Mrs. Pithie "Why Frank had the disease so much worse than himself." "Because it is domicillated with you; it is a wonder that your grandfather has not cured you of both diseases before this time," she replied.

At last, for the time seemed long to Ori, Alexis returned to school, and Frank to his home, not that he was well by any means, but no one knew at the time how much he was suffering.

One night as Ori was seated by her work-table, Frank came and stood turning over the leaves of a book which was lying before her,in a nervous way, for a few seconds, without speaking. When Ori looked up from her work, thinking he had come to her room to have one of those old pleasant evenings; as she looked up she saw something unusual in his countenance. Frank was the first to speak.

"Ori," said he, "I am going to the city Hall to have Uncle Henry arrested for murder: he is trying to kill me."

"When did you see Uncle Henry."

I dined wiih him to-day; he is trying to destroy my left lung, I feel in my nose, I can smell it, I am going, but don't say anything to mother, it will only trouble her,"

God pity Ori; it was well she could not see at that time how much she was to blame. She leaned her head on her hands and remained in that position until Mrs. Pithie came in the room, then she said "Mother I fear that Frank is ill, and not in his right mind."

"I have thought him ailing some time, and I fear that he is about having some great illness," said the afflicted mother, who was not aware of the thorough anointing on the rainy day, which knowledge might have aided towards a cure.

But the disease had struck inward; and as the attendant physicians explained subsequently, when such was the case, the more important organs were sure to suffer most, So the poor lad endured his pains and tried to attend to his business, with his suffering body and wandering mind. Sometimes he would seem to understand that his mind had not been quite right. His cough became worse and worse; his lively sallies and witty sayings were all changed to warnings of sorrow that was to come.

And in the midst of all her heart troubles, Ori, the neglected, insulted wife brought a son into this world of sorrow. A pure little helpless thing which

was destined to have great trials of its own to endure, beside being obliged to share the trouble of its unfortunate mother.

Frank took kindly to the little Ernest, perhaps he saw that License did not care much for it.

License's sisters had said to Ori: brother is so fond of children; and Ori really believed it, so you may judge of her surprise when License caught the baby up and whipped it for crying, when it was but two weeks old.

Frank would come and go, without a smile on the rigid face that had always been so sunny, but always with a pleasant word for the little Ernest; and if he cried, to wonder what would do him good. He said to Ori, he thought Ernest the prettiest baby that he had ever seen, because it had a nose.

"I think all babies pretty," returned Ori, "and wonder where so many plain looking people come from: I admire the little snub-noses, as you call them."

Frank seldom talked now, even in his lucid intervals. He daily became more emaciated, and though he never complained of pain, it was evident that his sufferings were intense. He could tell of the time when he slept at the store, how much he had suffered and how he had prepared for death every night.

The firm of Harper Brothers issued a Pictorial Bible; this Frank received in numbers, and must have studied well, as he appeared uncommonly well versed in the Scriptures, and soon began preaching on the street, crying, woe! woe! to the city!

Mrs. Pithie found it impossible to keep him at home. He would even creep out of his straight-jacket in some inexplicable manner; and then she would be obliged to go from place to place to find him, fearing that he would die on the street.

License would occasionally meet him, Bible in hand, and pinch his poor arm all the way home, which was entirely unnecessary as he was perfectly docile at that time.

Many comforting things were told to Mrs. Pithie when searching for her son. One sympatizing lady said that she had seen a lad, looking very ill, standing at the corner of the street, reading and talking by turns, and had sent to invite him to take rest and refreshment, but he could not be persuaded. Another lady as she passed, persuaded him to accept a half-dollar. Thus satisfying the mind of Mrs. Pithie, that the public generally, could sympathize with his affliction, and there was no real danger of his being insulted or harmed.

"What did you do with the half-dollar the lady gave you to-day?" inquired Mrs. Pithie of Frank, in the evening.

"I gave it to the blind man who sells blacking in front of St. Paul's."

But the troubles multiplied; Frank had epileptic and cataleptic fits, and Mrs. Pithie was obliged to chain him in his room to keep him at home. He often begged to go out, saying: "Mother you have made an idol of me, it would not harm me in the least to go out, and you know God says, 'from all their idols will I cleanse them.'"

And soon the Angel of Death came, and God released their idol from all his sufferings.

License, who was so attentive to ladies and so fond of children, passed the friends who came to the funeral, without an endearing word to his own little son, or a word of sympathy to his patient wife. He would not have missed a fireman's funeral on any account. But he passed these mourners on the way to his business with perfect sang froid.

Mrs. Pithie, who had given Ori much of her dress since she had been able to work, presented her with mourning for Frank. But the day following the funeral, License politely informed her that he hated the sight of black, and if she did not take it off, he would take it off for her. So Ori felt obliged to return to her usual dress, to save this ladies' man furthur trouble. People wondered that she did not wear mourning, but as no one mentioned it to her, she did not then know what License said in excuse, but in after years she understood that License had reported that it was against her religious principles to dress in mourning.

Time passed with License in the usual way. Claude had been making some very expensive presents to ladies of doubtful fame, and his employer, not relishing the loss of a fine shawl, was anxious to rid himself of the aristocratic clerk. It would not do to injure the fine feelings of Tobias Peter, a thriving merchant, and a Deacon of the ——— Church; so he thought it a good plan to purchase the absence of his clerk, and so he did. What a powerful man was Tobias Peter. If Claude had belonged to a less respectable family, he might have received his board for a while at the expense of the city.

CHAPTER V.

MORE TROUBLE—INTRIGUE AGAIN—HYPOCRISY—TRAVELLING.

"The word he spoke so soft and low
A bird hath ta'en—"

Years came and passed. The little Ernest had become a pretty and interesting boy, and a great walker. He had gradually grown in favor with License and enjoyed long walks with him. One day the child complained of pains in his feet; in three days both limbs and one arm hung lifeless; he had become completely paralyzed.

When License was in his pleasant moods, he had a way of trying to please Ori with a recital of the difficulties he frequently met with in protecting his ladies from insult in the ball room. Ori, disgusted and weary with these recitals, at last said to him: "Do not talk to me in that way any more; for I am learning to hate you."

That put a stop to that kind of amusement, but License was sadly at a loss to know how to make himself agreeable to Ori. She seemed more difficult to amuse than those ladies who liked to go with married men.

One day Ori received information that License was engaged to marry a young lady whom he had fallen in love with at a grand ball of the firemen.

Ori was full of cares; what, with her infant daughter, Angelica, and the little paralytic. But she must save the lady she thought innocent, from ruin. So by great exertion, she was enabled to make Miss P——— understand that License had a wife and two children, whom it was his duty to support.

The information came to Ori in this way: Ori had an uncle living in Mulbery street, who was cognizant of some of Ori's troubles, and seeing License go to the next house and hearing him called Harry Blackwood, suspected that all was not right, so the old gentleman quizzed his neighbor a little and found that License was paying his addresses to Miss P——. And while walking through Nassau street he saw License enter his nephew's store, and, being somewhat inquisitive, waited to see Miss P—— meet License there.

This part of the story Ori would have been tempted to doubt, but coming into possession of all of Miss P——'s letters to License, she found it too true. Ori could but wonder that the nephew, who she had thought a conscientious man, should so degrade himself as to allow his store to be used for such a purpose.

Miss P——'s letters were rich and racy, and filled with love for her dear Harry, of course; describing their future home in true Claude Melnotte style.

The uncle, after telling Ori these facts, had taken her to witness this little love affair of this ladies' man.

Now Ori thought that she might free herself from this living death. She told License that she must leave him; she could not endure his evil ways longer. But License, true to his deceitful nature,—if not true to her,—on bended knee implored forgiveness; promising to be faithful for the future. And Ori forgave him.

Years passed, and Mrs. Pithie had come to assist Ori. They were making preparations for a visit from a neice of License, Miss Kitty Cunning. What great anticipation; what pleasant ideas had they formed of this young lady.

But all are liable to disappointment; and in the short space of two weeks Mrs. Pithie and Ori turned from her in utter aversion.

The first two dyas passed pleasantly enough, but on the third Kitty began to amuse Ori, as so many of the Cunning family had tried to do, in a way that tried her patience severely. Unfortunately for Ori, she had none of this good quality to spare, though she remained silent often when her feelings were almost beyond control.

Well, as I have said, the young lady began her amusement with a description of the splendid times that she had enjoyed at Rochester. She had such sport in walking down State street, holding her head as high as possible and stepping on some lady's dress as she came behind her, "It makes a lady appear so ludicrous to get angry on the street. I can't help laughing when I think of it. And then sometimes I would walk near some old man, and swinging my hand carefully forward throw his cane down, it was so ridiculous to see him stoop to pick it up."

"What were you reading this morning," inquired Ori.

"It was Godey's."

"Yes, I saw that; but which of the stories."

"Oh, I never remember enough of a story to repeat it sensibly."

She thought her eyes the admiration of all beholders, and fishing for compliments, she inquired of Ori if she did not admire long fingers. Mrs. Pithie remarked that the manner in which she carried her hands reminded her of a kangaroo. Ori could see no beauty in a girl who could stick pins in a crippled boy. Although she knew that Ernest had a bad fashion of making a horse of every one who passed him. Ori's way was to stand still for an instant and cry "whoa," then the little fellow was satisfied to let horsey go.

But this girl took a pleasure in passing him, and then set him crying by the pin sticking. Her evenings she spent on License's knee, while he sat at the street door to take the air.

The neighbors were scandalized at this; Mrs. Monroe, who was more fastidious than any, wished to know how persons passing were to understand that the young lady on his knee was his neice. Ori did not dare to say a word to either on the subject.

Mrs. Pithie had left the house the first week of the girl's visit. She would not endure the impertinence and ordering of this vain creature.

Ori was obliged to do all the work: care for the two children and wait upon Kitty and License. Ori's health failed and a physician was sent for. The physician said that Ori required rest; and he left her lying on her couch. It was evening, and License and Kitty thinking her asleep, kept up a conversation in a low tone. But Ori was so unfortunate as to hear every word, and beside, being too weary to speak, her pillow was wet with her tears. We will not repeat that conversation, but only remark that they seemed to think that Ori ought to be that wonderful piece of mechanism that has puzzled the men so long, idealist perpetual motion.

The following day Kitty wished for writing paper, and Ori directed her to get it from a certain drawer of a writing desk belonging to License. She found the drawer locked. Kitty then asked Ori if she had ever taken out an upper drawer to get at the things contained in a lower one.

"No," returned Ori, "I would not think of that."

But Kitty thought of it, and did it, and found the likeness of a lady, which she brought to show to Ori, to inquire who the lady was.

"I do not know; I never saw the lady nor the likeness before."

"Oh! then that is the reason why he keeps the drawer locked."

"It has only been locked of late," returned Ori.

Kitty had her own opinion concerning the likeness, but knowing the power that she possessed over uncle, it rather amused her.

But License did not like to have this piece of news carried to his family, although he assured his mother that it was the likeness of his first love.

Kitty had done all the mischief that she could in this family and left them to visit another aunt and uncle, where she played her usual games, and made

trouble enough between them; but it is not with Kitty that we have to do; we must return to our hero.

Ori knew that this was a new intrigue of License. His reading for years had been exciting French novels. Now we all know that the French excel in many things. Then why not give them the palm for this style of writing also. But to confine one's self to such reading is not the way to improve one's moral character. But this was the only kind of reading that License could relish.

To describe all of Ori's sorrows would make our story too lengthy; so we must not enter into detail at present. Suffice it to say, that License to make a point joined the church to which Ori belonged. This was the greatest harm that he could do to her, as Ori could not and would not expose his hypocrisy to the members of the church.

He was very fond of argument and would get all the spiritual information he could of Ori. Not always in a legitimate manner however, as he generally raised an unpleasant argument to draw her out.

At this time he spent his evenings with certain young ladies living opposite to his home, and Ori was left night after night alone with her sick babe Amy.

Mrs. Pithie came to see them once in a week; this was the only pleasure Ori had for some time; as whenever the young ladies came over to spend an evening with her, License came in with headache, and Ori was obliged to excuse herself to wait on him; or he would sit and yawn in a very ungentlemanly way until they returned home; in either case as soon as they left License was all right again, and Ernest would say "mama, there goes papa over to Allen's."

How License explained affairs to the Allens', Ori never knew. But soon great changes came, and Ori must leave the home that she had worked so hard to get, for you must remember that she was never idle, made but few calls, and received as little company, so you may judge her to have been a very inexpensive wife, or, shall I say it—slave; as we fully concur with the words of Miss Weber, that:

"The married woman is neither more nor less than a slave, under the laws as they now exist. The husband has a legal right to the unconditional control of her person. He can remove her from the home of her dearest affections to the uttermost corner of the earth; he can separate her from her children, squander her property, reduce her to the lowest depth of poverty, inflict personal chastisement upon her, to a certain extent, and hurry her to a premature grave, by the deadly poison of unmerited insults, slights, contumely and cruelty. And for all this, and more too, he has the sanction of the law! If this is not slavery—absolute, unmitigated slavery—there is no such condition in life."

But you have heard that great changes came to License, and he decided to find a home in California.

The baby, Amy, was thought to be dying. But Ori went through cold and snow with her dying babe in her arms, to the vessel that was to carry them to Aspinwall.

All her trials you may not know, as we wish to confine ourselves to portraying the career of License.

You may perhaps think that License was more attentive to his family now, while on the sea, among strangers; but such was not the fact.

"Mamma, who gave Amy that orange," asked the little Angelica one day.

"The Doctor he has brought Amy something nice from the table every day; would you like a piece?" said Ori.

"Oh no, I have brought something for Amy. General Stout always gives me some of the nice things he brings from the table. I can't scramble like the other children, but the waiters are very kind to me, too."

Truth to tell, the little Angelica was a general favorite: but the aforesaid General seemed to take an especial interest in her.

The shabbily dressed woman with the dying baby was an object of interest to all. But as Ori was exceedingly reserved, she made but few friends.

License, who would retire from the table to their stateroom to relieve his over-loaded stomach, spent his time with the Captain of the vessel, enjoying

himself hugely on the Atlantic side; but finding the fare on the Pacific not much to his liking, and wrote such a pitiful story to his family that they commiserated him greatly.

Their stay at the Isthmus was somewhat protracted, owing to the non-appearance of the connecting steamer.

License amused himself by strolling around with one and another of the passengers. Ori who had a wish to see something of the place, left Ernest and Amy to the care of Mrs. Pithie—who had kindly consented to accompany Ori that she might help in the care of the children—and taking Angelica, went to the sea side to collect shells. Knowing no fear, although they saw several of the Jamaica negroes on the beach, when she learned subsequently what dangerous characters these people were, she thought how true the line that: "When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

These two, Ori and Angelica, passed a pleasant time to-gether. They visited one of the churches, the exterior was not imposing, but on entering the vestibule, they were struck with the strangeness of the interior, with its niches at intervals around the wall and an image in each niche, but Angelica thought it the funniest thing that there were no pews to sit in; nothing but two rows of ancient looking high-backed chairs straight through the center of the building.

"Do they stand all the time the clergyman preaches?" she inquired.

And when Ori informed her "that the people knelt in all the churches in Panama," she thought their knees must get very tired kneeling on the marble pavement.

On leaving the church they wandered on through the narrow streets, wondering at the children in Adam's costume—before that easily persuaded husband partook of the forbidden fruit. They could but admire the pretty looking ladies, with their lovely Castilian faces, walking out with lace veils thrown so gracefully over their heads.

"Out of the way there!"

This was said to a boy to give notice that the only cart in Panama was coming up the narrow street.

The connecting vessel had arrived; and our voyagers were compelled to go at once on the small steamer which was to convey them to the line steamer of the Pacific side. That one cart would not hold all the baggage belonging to the passengers, brought to the hotel, you may well believe.

To Ori's dismay, she beheld her crippled son, perched on the shoulders of a stalwart negro who carried a trunk on his head. One comfort she had, the Great Father would take care of him.

License walked by the side of the negro, and Ori came a distance behind them with her babe in her arms, and a lantern held before her to guide her uncertain steps over the rough pavement, by a gentlemanly operator from the telegraph office.

Mrs. Pithie, leading the little Angelica, followed, perfectly shocked at the anathemas of the native children, who, though they could not hold a conversation in English, had learned to say the words, "go ——," and seemed to enjoy hugely sending them to a warmer climate than their own.

What a fine sight was the "Constitution"—as they neared the floating palace—dazzling, with its many lights, the anxious eyes peering through the darkness. What bustle and noise there was to be sure, as the passengers passed from one steamer to the other.

Ori was happy when all was quiet again. While all was being settled, the men forming a long line to the office to receive tickets for their seats at table, an old gentleman, a Mr. Lee, was being superseded in the line by a young man, Mr. Hunt, who turned to Mr. Lee, saying:

"Hog is the game, sir."

"I see it is," returned the old gentleman, thrusting Hunt aside with his elbow, "but you are nothing but a short."

The journey was getting monotonous; Ori was weary with caring for a sick baby on the sea, and she longed for a place to call home once more. Were it not for the amusing incidents repeated to her occasionally, she would have been unable to subdue the unpleasant thoughts that would obtrude at times. But just as Ori had decided that Amy could not survive another day of such dis-

comfort, Angelica came running to their state-room with the pleasant tidings that they were nearing San Francisco harbor.

"So you had better put on Amy's things, mama, and your own bonnet, and come on deck." And so Ori did.

How magnificent the City of Hills appeared to the eyes of the weary voyagers! With what pleasant emotions the little family entered San Francisco! The happiness of finding one's self on terra firma once more, those who have experienced, well know! Ori wondered if there was another such lovely city. They had left two feet of snow in New York streets, but San Francisco appeared to the party as flowery as the Garden of Eden; its cleanly planked sidewalks looking as though none but winged creatures passed over them. And the broad streets—so unlike Panama—lined on both sides with ornate cottages covered with emerald ivys or the bloom of the maderia vine and other climbing plants, many of which would not thrive in the open air in the autumn months in New York. The air was soft and balmy as the gentle breathings of a mother's love. For, indeed, San Francisco is a very paradise all the winter months.

But this was not to be their homes. So taking the steamer for Sacramento, by t he following morning they had finished their journey. It was a delightful morning although the coldest month in the year, being early in February.

CHAPTER VI.

SACRAMENTO—KIND FRIENDS—RANCHING—INUNDATION.

Sacramento, the City of the Plains, brought another phase of beauty to the mind. The towering cottonwoods, the fragrant locusts, and the peach trees, all in bloom, together with the vine-covered cottages, pleased the eye, while the exhilirating air charmed the senses. A small cottage had been hired for them a month previous to their arrival.

What a pleasure it is to most ladies to choose certain articles of furniture in house keeping, and certainly those who are compelled to officiate in the culinary department ought always to have the privilege of choosing their own implements of labor—so to speak.

But our "ladies' man," who had not enough of good judgment to raise himself in any manly pursuit, found it incumbent upon himself to order a cooking range. The first duty License performed was to find the whereabouts of the principal firemen of the city, and no doubt it was to "make a point" with one of their number that the wretchedly inconvenient article was purchased. However that may be, storekeepers in Sacramento may remember a shrinking woman, who felt herself obliged to say "Yes," to any question that the MAN, her husband, put to her; for she had an intuitive perception that aided her in giving the required answer.

Well, they were settled once more, but still the health of little Amy did not seem to improve, and Ori, who had regulated all the remedies for her babe, was kept up the great part of the night to wait on her.

At the year's end, little Amy could walk and was getting to be a lovely little prattling thing; when Ori, wearied with the tedious strain on her mental and physical powers, was stricken down and confined to her couch. She declined a physician, as License informed her that the expense would be immense and their living was more than he reckoned on. So Ori whispered—for she could not speak above a whisper—to Mrs. Pithie, the remedies she thought might be most serviceable. But after weeks of prostration she recovered. Many kindnesses had been shown her while on her couch; unable to express the gratitude that she felt towards the kind friends who she knew had prayed for a blessing to her from the Great Father.

Ori still remembers the kindness of the people of Sacramento. Indeed, all of comfort she had known in California, she experienced among the social and kind-hearted inhabitants of the Capitol. Although she had kind friends in San Francisco, still her troubles were so hard to bear while a sojourner in that city

that she had no wish to be domiciled there. License, who was continually getting into difficulties, was not long in the business in which he first embarked. And he was allowing himself to be persuaded into taking up a ranch and trying the business of raising cattle. Ori tried to dissuade him from this plan at first, feeling their entire incapacity to attend to the affairs of a ranch. But as we have said that License's forte was talking, he soon made Ori believe that they were just the people to get along; and then it would be such a fine thing for Ernest who had always been passionately fond of a horse. Ori concluded that License was right, and he decided to leave Sacramento.

The ranch life would make a very amusing story. But we will just take a glimpse. The ludicrous errors in judgment, and the thorough ignorance of farming, added to the everlasting bullying of the "ladies' man," soon brought the family to great straights. Ori, who had always been afraid of a cow, was taught by Mrs. Pithie to milk, that she might be independent, as one of the great trials was to get good help. Mrs. Pithie learned to make cheese and butter. Indeed, these city bred people worked from morning till night at work that they had been entirely unaccustomed to, therefore, they were at great disadvantage.

License, who had spent the entire day in the city all this time, at last imagining that the ranch could not get along without him, gave up his business in the city, and went out to the ranch to teach the country folks the theory of farming.

This answered very well for a while, but one day License returned to the house to give Ori a lesson. The sun appeared in the heavens like a huge ball of fire, and although there was a little air stirring without it was intensely hot in doors. The threshers had come and gone, to the great relief of Ori, who had found cooking for thirty people too serious a matter to be turned into a jest; when License came to Ori, saying:

"I can't see why you complain of the heat, you have a roof over your head, and the heat from the range can't be compared to the dazzling of the sun on the straw where I am working. It takes me to teach these lazy fellows how to work. I can pitch twice to their once, and I don't mind the heat in the least."

Ori made no reply, what with the excessive heat of the cooking range and want of air, she was quite exhausted.

Before the evening meal License was brought in by his lazy people and laid on his couch senseless from sun-stroke. This capped the climax. A physician was sent for whose treatment was of such benefit that License though not strong, was enabled to go to San Francisco in a few weeks. Ori was compelled to go with him, to see him in comfortable quarters, which done, Ori returned to settle up affairs on the ranch.

The people of Sacramento well remember the timid Ori trying to dispose of horses, cattle and pigs; were it not for the kind friends who assisted her she would have been sadly imposed on, but as it was, she was greatly tried, for do what she would, there was no such thing as pleasing License, who had by this time entirely recovered his health, and not relishing a return to Sacramento, decided on establishing himself in business in San Francisco, and to this end he requested Ori to return to Sacramento and send him a pair of horses.

Soon after leaving the Sacramento steamer and passing along J. street, Ori met certain creditors who inquired anxiously for License; instead of informing them that she was instructed to say that he would pay them a percentage; having an extra hundred in her purse, presented to her by Mrs. Pithie—who had an income from New York, for the purpose of purchasing dresses for herself and children; which was much needed, she, Ori, divided the money among the creditors.

Ori's journey to the ranch was not a pleasant one, the wind blew strongly from the south and the rain fell in torrents; and to add to her discomfiture the waters of the Sacramento and American rivers—on the fork of which the city of Sacramento is situated—overflowed their banks, and the beautiful city was inundated.

Ori with a sad heart, looked on at the destruction wrought in so short a time and thanked the Giver of all Good that no lives were lost by the sudden influx

of the water. But how was she to get at the ranch now? Boats of every conceivable form were improvised for the occasion; even boxes and tubs brought a price and were seen plying around the streets: and the people all as jolly as though going to a wedding. Ori stood looking around in hope to see a friendly face, and seeing none she inquired of a boatman what he would ask to carry her to the ranch.

"Sixteen dollars, ma'am."

This was beyond her means, and so she told the man. "Well," said he, "I would not advise you to attempt going to-day any-way; it is as much as your life is worth." While Ori was talking to the man, a friend saw her, who took her to his home and his kind wife made her comfortable for the night, and assisted her to the ranch the day following. Ori's trouble then was how to get the horses to the city. Ernest proposed driving in an entirely different direction that he might take advantage of a flatboat used for carrying cattle to higher points; and meet Ori in Sacramento. So leaving the wagon loaded she returned to the boat; and her friends carried her back to the city.

With what anxiety Ori waited for the coming of her son, none but a mother can imagine.

What had become of him? Was the wagon too heavily loaded, and the boy in trouble, and being alone, unable to get on? Would succour be vouchsafed to him before he perished on the road? These questions were continually recurring to the mind of Ori. Her friends tried to comfort her with the assurance, that as the roads were so heavy Ernest would not be able to reach Sacramento until long after the appointed time; and there seemed to be no better way than to go to San Francisco and give an account of the difficulties. Meanwhile her friends would see Ernest, and do all in their power to help him. What a delicate business for a lady. How unfitted was this "ladies man" for any real emergencies in the battle of life.

Ori returned to San Francisco with a heavy heart; and giving License the receipts for the bills paid, she informed him of all her troubles. License had not one word of sympathy, but merely informed her that "It would be better for her to mind her business, when he wished her to pay bills he would tell her so, he did not thank anyone to pay bills for him."

Poor Ori, how foolish she had acted; but she was still willing to deny herself, to save his good name. It was well for her that she was not ignorant of a Throne of Grace, and she found her burden lightened by the sweet influences of the Holy Spirit.

The following morning License informed her that "she had only visited Sacramento to enjoy herself, she had not tried to do his bidding;" keeping up his voluability in true "Caudle" style.

This was too much for Ori, her anxiety for Ernest was getting beyond her control, and she begged License not to say more, for "I am feeling so strangely."

"You ought to have strange feelings if any one should, after fooling away money to enjoy yourself at such a time as this."

"What noise is that papa," said Angelica.

"It is your mother who has fallen in a fit; you may go and see her if you wish."

Angelica and Amy bounded up the stairs leading to their mother's room: and throwing themselves on her couch begged her to speak, and tell them what to do. And when Ori was able, she thought that she would like to have a physician, but knew License did not wish the expense.

"Never mind, mama," replied the faithful Angelica, "I will go myself and bring one. Papa says he must go to Sacramento."

License went to Sacramento and found that Ernest had not left the ranch. The poor boy needed the assistance of an experienced man. License procured assistance, and all returned in safety to San Francisco.

"Ori, I have brought a visitor," said Mrs. Pithie, as she entered Ori's room one morning.

"Who is it?"

"I will make you acquainted when you see her."

When Ori descended to the parlor she saw the wife of Claude, who being a stranger in the city had accidentally found Mrs. Pithie's home first.

Claude had married a lady of Sacramento, and had left that city for the mountains, leaving his wife and child unprovided for.

Ori, who was keeping boarders, had not much time to spare for pleasure. She sympathized with the new sister-in-law and tried to make her comfortable. Ernest, who had heard of Claude's delinquincies and Sabbath amusements—the day being spent at the gaming table—also felt deep commisseration for the unfortunate aunt and her innocent babe; while he detested the character of the uncle, whom he had informed the Sacramentans that he did not wish to own.

While Mary—Claude's wife—remained with Ori, Mrs. Pithie and Ori were forming plans to assist her to an independence, feeling assured that it was a part of Claude's manœuvre to rid himself of her entirely; as he had done by another on a former occasion.

License would not allow Mary to be domiciled with him. Mrs. Pithie and Ori had nearly completed their plans; when one evening, Ori, who had a few minutes to spare, came to the half-opened door of the parlor just in time to see License give Mary a sum of money and hear him tell her that he was willing to have her remain, but she must leave on Ori's account, as she had been insulted by Claude and would not have his wife in the house.

The allusion to an insult was true, as the reader has been informed that Ori was not willing to remain in a room alone with him ever after. But the idea of visiting the sin of Claude on his wife and child had never occurred to her. This was a fabrication of the fertile brain of License; and that his brain is of a peculiar mould the politicians and wire-pullers of San Francisco are well aware.

Angelica was now a pretty lass of seventeen with light brown, flowing ringlets and a lovely sunny face. And as Ori gazed in the mild blue eyes, she would often recall certain childish words of the "little" Angelica, said to her when she was weeping, after listening to a bitter harangue from License.

The child knew that her mother had done her best to please papa. And when License left the room, slamming the door after him, the child drew near to comfort her, and leaning her arm on Ori's knee, turned up her sunny face, saying, "Never mind mama, you have good children."

This child a sister of License chose to adopt; and he was made willing, telling Ori, that as sister was rich, the child would be better raised than Ori could hope for with their small means.

The breeding of Kitty Cunning was proof to Ori that whatever their acquaintance might be, the Cunning family were not capable of educating a child in the proper manner. To Ori's mind dress and etiquette were not the only requisites of home teaching. Ori could pass over a little soiled face, while she would consider it a sin to countenance a kleptomania; and other faults that Ori knew they thought no harm, provided the individual kept neat in appearance. This was not the way that she taught, or Angelica could not have made the remark above alluded to.

CHAPTER VII.

A WEDDING—INSOLENCE—ANOTHER WEDDING—LICENTIOUSNESS.

Years passed, and still no improvement in the character of License. Ori's hopes for him were almost blasted; her self-sacrifices, prayers, and good example, were of no avail.

But an unanticipated train of circumstances helped to free her from his insulting taunts and neglect. Ori was about leaving San Francisco on a visit to Mrs. Pithie and Ernest, and as Ori with her daughters was about entering a hack, a kind friend and neighbor, Mrs. Livingstone, said to Ori, "do not

trouble yourself on account of Mr. Cunning, Margaret will keep his room in order, and if he should become ill I will take the best care of him possible." Ori could not express the gratitude that filled her heart at this last kind promise, and cordially thanking her friend, she remarked that she hoped License would not be ill.

Ori left San Francisco the evening of the death of that great and good man, Starr King. She had heard of his illness, but hoped—as hundreds of other people did hope—that it would not prove fatal; it was a terrible shock to her when she heard in Sacramento that the great champion had gone to rest.

We chant a requiem sad and low,
For him whose eloquence could always bring
The needed succor for his country's woe,
God freed him from earth's strife;
The great Starr King.

"The great work laid upon his two score years
Is done, and well done. If we drop our tears—
Who loved him as few men were ever loved—
We mourn no blighted hope nor broken plan:
With him whose life stands rounded and approved
In the full growth and statue of a man.
Mingle, O bells, along the Western slope,
With your deep toll a sound of faith and hope!
Wave cheerily still, O banner, half-way down,
From thousand-masted bay and steepled town!
Let the strong organ with its proudest swell,
Lift the proud sorrow off the land
And tell that the brave sower saw his ripened grain.
O East and West, O morn and sunset, twain,
No more forever?—has he lived in vain!
Who, Priest of Freedom, made ye one, and told
Your bridal service from his lips of gold?"

Ori found the family in good health. But another terrible shock was in preparation for her. Ori was sitting in the parlor conferring with Mrs. Pithie, who had gone to the ranch to care for and instruct Ernest, when suddenly a messenger reined up his horse before the door. Ernest, who was the first to see him, turned to his sisters, expressing wonder at the man's haste. Angelica stepped on the porch, and receiving a telegram, handed it to Ori.

The little party were not long in suspense. Ori informed them that they were to hasten home to License who was dangerously ill.

It was too late to take a boat that day, and Ori found it nearly impossible to retain her composure. She prayed that his life might be spared—that he was not prepared for death she knew—and Ori begged that he might see the error of his ways before it was too late.

In her anxiety to get from the ranch to Sacramento, the following morning, Ori set out at the break of day, that she might make sure of getting to the cars in time, and was obliged to sit two long hours with her mind filled with anxious thoughts, so that it was with a feeling of relief that she heard a woman's voice, saying:

"Johnny run to the platform and show up the flag."

Ori was stopping at a station that was used only a part of the year, and then there was but an occasional passenger, and the custom was to wave a strip of red cloth to apprize the conductor when he was required to stop. Now, Ori was fairly on her way. But how many detentions she met with in that short journey. The waters of the Sacramento were high as is always the case in the rainy season. The steamer lost her bearings and sailed over branches of trees growing on land called tule land, which, though swampy in the dry season, was at this time entirely covered with water. What a scene of confusion was occasioned by this disaster. Ori, in her solicitude, thought the minutes hours, but the tedious hours wore away, and Ori did not reach San Francisco before midnight.

A friend was in waiting for her with a carriage, and Ori was soon at the bedside of License, who had an attack of hemorrhage of the lungs, and his physi-

cian had ordered him not to speak; so you might think that Ori would have had peace for three days at least.

But License was permitted to write, and the philanthropic License persisted in his insults on paper. His room was strewed with papers—written conversations with those who had called on him. Ori glanced at many a falsehood, amazed at the blindness of one in License's situation, daring to deceive, with death staring him in the face.

Mrs. Livingstone, the friend who had promised Ori to care for him in sickness, had been true to her word; she had been indefatigable in her attentions, as License himself confessed to Ori and others. Indeed, Ori saw the evidences of her kindness and capacity. After a few months License repaid her with contumely.

In a few weeks License recovered, and his physician advised change of climate. License finding the air of the very pleasant City of Singleton—by which name we will designate a city on the Alameda Railroad route—removed his family thither.

Angelica strove to hide her sorrow and disappointment at leaving San Francisco and her pleasant little circle. Ori's sad heart could but sympathize with her faithful child. But she saw no feasible plan by which Angelica could remain. She fancied that it would break her heart to part with the only one who could sympathize with her. Ah! was she not leaning on an "arm of flesh."

Ori formed a pleasant circle of acquaintance in Singleton, and was as happy as could be—with a skeleton in the house. The neighborhood were soon on tiptoe to learn what was going on in the home of License; and often Ori or some of her family were interrogated without any preliminaries.

"Who is that gentleman so attentive to Angelica?"

The question was asked by Mrs. Markham, one of those far-seeing individuals who are to be found in every small town in the civilized world.

"You mean Mr. Costar, I presume," replied Ori.

"He comes often, don't he? I guess he's sparking, ain't he?"

"No; he is fond of music, and Angelica cannot live without society, and there are so few who can associate together in this community, that these two seem to take an especial interest in each other."

Blind Ori, it had become patent to the inhabitants of Singleton that there was an attachment growing between these two, Angelica and Mr. Costar. Soon after, Mr. Costar became dissatisfied with the only first-class hotel in the place, and requested Ori to take him to board. Not long after this arrangement, Ori was enlightened to the fact that a wedding was in contemplation.

Ori was quite ill many days from the shock that this news occasioned her. As soon as she was able Ori wrote to Mrs. Pithie to inform her that she was to lose her faithful daughter, and begged Mrs. Pithie to come and assist her in the preparations for the wedding.

License, with unpardonable officiousness, ordered everything in regard to the wedding, leaving neither Ori nor Angelica any choice in the matter, except the minister.

The young people had selected a Dissenting minister to perform the ceremony, who was particularly admired by them. License informed the family that he thought with his niece, Sadi Ayres, that no one was married where the ceremony was not performed by an Episcopal clergyman.

"That may account for certain things, daughter. You see that the ceremony performed for us was by a Dissenting minister, therefore, your mother was never married, and not to be tolerated: that is fine, I must confess; but it is well that I have so many companions in this dilemma. Do you intend inviting any of your relatives to be in company with a woman who has lived twenty-three years with you without being married?"

The peaceful Ori was roused at last; and she seemed to begin her life anew. We have heard it said, that if you point your finger at a dog, it will bark at you.

Although Ori never referred to the subject again, she was never able to obliterate from her memory the insolence of License on that occasion. She

could not but be indignant at being insulted in the presence of Mr. Costar: but, he, Mr. Costar, sat quietly writing the address on the invitations to be sent out by License.

One person mentioned, Angelica had a particular distaste for, this was the eldest son of Mrs. Ayres, John Tobias Boyle, a lawyer of San Francisco. Wherever Angelica went, whether to the theatre or a party, her ears were constantly offended with references to his mistress, or a recital of the gossip of San Francisco to the effect that a young family who were growing up in Oakland were the children of John Tobias, and people called Captain Tracy, the husband of the lady, a very singular man. All this was particularly disagreeable to Angelica. Ori would not listen to any of these stories, and endeavored to teach her children never to listen to gossip; but this intrigue of John Tobias Boyle the San Franciscans thought patent. There was no passing over it, as Captain Tracy's little son would very innocently give information on the street which was detrimental to his mother and Mr. Boyle.

But to return; License had taken a prayer-book to the minister—which, by the way, was the only use he ever made of it—and after ordering what he wished to be repeated of the marriage ceremony, he obliterated other parts of the service by ink lines drawn across the page. Mr. Costar and Angelica were greatly opposed to having any part of the Episcopal ceremony; more on account of the insulting language used by License than any objection to the ceremony itself.

The minister gave no heed to the contention, but forgot the book.

The wedding party made their tour to Cisco—which at that time was the Eastern terminus of the Central Pacific Railroad—making their longest visit in the city of Sacramento.

License spent most of his time in San Francisco, and what conquests he made on the Alameda Railway. He could generally find some pretty lass or married lady, it made no difference to him, to pay attention to. If money was wanted, no lady would be obliged to ask him either for the fare or a step into an ice-cream saloon or restaurant. He often entertained the family with the estimation hewas held in by the people of the Alameda Railway—and well he might be esteemed; his family would have considered him a paragon if he had been only half as gallant to them.

But License at last fell desperately in love with a Mrs. Lein.

His niece, Sadi Ayres, was to be married in G—— C——, on the 10th of December, 1867; and Ori, understanding that she was not expected to attend—although invitations were sent to each of the family—made no remark on the subject. Amy would not be persuaded to stay at home; she had determined to go and see her cousin married. So License instructed her to meet him at the San Francisco and Alameda Ferry. And so the child did. License met her, and handing her in a hack and seating himself beside her, ordered the hackman to drive to Taylor street, where the hack stopped before a plain looking frame building. License got out leaving Amy to speculate as to what he was going to do next. She did not remain long in suspense, before License returned with two LADIES, Mrs. Lein and Mrs. Levee; both were very much dressed: Mrs. Lein appearing quite gay in a green silk elaborately trimmed with velvet, and black velvet circular; a green silk and plumes completing her costume.

License, who you have heard was an adept in flattery, had taken his mistress to show her the niece, who, he so constantly affirmed, was her, Mrs. Lein's, "fac simile."

"You are so much like my niece, MY PET," he would often say, that the "pet" was but too happy in having such a grand opportunity to see her; and surely the "pet" saw her to the greatest advantage; for, beside being a pretty lass, she was tastefully dressed; and you know a woman always appears well as a bride.

But we will follow our party, who on leaving the Cathedral, went to a restaurant on Market street, where oysters were dispensed the most frequently as an article of diet. So, of course, they called for oysters, and License inquired of his "pet" what particular kind of wine she would prefer. Mrs. Lein,

raising her prominent, stolid, blue eyes to the face of her bald, gray-haired lover, held her head so facinatingly on one side, replied in a voice as sweet and melodious as a midnight tinkle of a CLOCHETTE DE VACHE:

"You know Mr. Cunning what I like best."

And so License did. For had they not been there often together? As they had been a year together, enjoying the fat of the land—or rather, the fat of what License had made as "lobbyist" the previous winter.

They had finished their wine, and License leading the little party, they left the restaurant. He conducting his innocent daughter to a car to return to Singleton alone; while he, License, returned to Taylor street to dine with his mistress, her sister and mother.

Do not start, dear reader, when we say mother; for you may believe us—though we say it with sorrow—that this conduct is not uncommon in our fair city of San Francisco. License remained all night, and the next morning Ori received the following note:

DEAR MA:

I have no doubt Amy informed you of the two ladies whom I took to see Sadi married. The facts are these: Mr. Levee was unable to take his wife and her sister, and so he hired a hack and requested me to take them, and you see I had no chance to back out. As ever, LIE.

At this time Ori was not cognizant of the LIASON, and as Levee was the name of the Alameda Railway Superintendent, as well as the name of the brother-in-law of Mrs. Lein, who was a clerk in Battery street. Now you can judge how cunningly the cunning man had worded his note.

The previous winter License had spent in Sacramento, as we have hinted. One day he proposed to a young lady, a visitor to Ori, to take her with him to Sacramento.

When License and Ori were alone, Ori remarked:

"It will reflect no good on the character of Lisette to travel alone with you."

Ori wishing very much to see Mrs. Pithie thought to induce License to take her with him. Our "ladies' man" only answered:

"You are jealous; and I will give you enough to make you so."

When at table the morning subsequent to this conversation, License asked Lisette if she had decided to go with him to Sacramento. Lisette replying in the affirmative, License said to her, "Then I will take you out to the ranch to see Ori's mother."

Ori's lacerated heart ceased to beat. She could scarcely breathe. She crushed back her feelings, determined to hide from Lisette that she had any feeling in the matter, as she really wished Lisette to visit Sacramento.

Raising her head as soon as she could speak, Ori remarked:

"Your dress last made will be just the thing for the trip."

"Do you think so? Then I am already prepared to go without further trouble."

Ori braved the storm of abuse that was sure to follow any remarks she might make on the subject; and made one more effort to save the character of Lisette. License premised that Lisette should go in company with a lady of Singleton. So they, License and Lisette, left Singleton in high feather; but Ori and Angelica found it very difficult to persuade the people of Sacramento and vicinity that Lisette was a very lovely and superior young lady, and not to blame in the least. It was well for Lisette that she had such able advocates, for although she merited love and esteem, many a young lady's character would have been irrevocably blasted by being seen in the company of a man who was doing and saying everything he could to bring animadversion on her character.

CHAPTER VIII.

BREAKING UP HOUSEKEEPING—AN AUCTION—LODGINGS—CONFIDENCE—SURPRISE PARTIES—A SLIP OF PAPER.

Between business and intrigue License began to think that he must curtail expenses, and for that purpose proposed to Ori to sell out their home. Ori tried to persuade him that boarding was more expensive than house-keeping; but he assured her that he had always had his own way and always intended to. Of that Ori was well aware.

When License ordered her to prepare for the auctioneer, she begged for furniture to furnish two rooms. License informed Ori, that he had already hired two furnished rooms, and they were to take their meals at a restaurant.

One Thursday, as they were preparing for the sale, License, Ori, and Ernest—who was making a visit to his parents—in the course of conversation, License remarked to Ori—

"You have such a foolish way of bowing when you shake hands with any one. No one bows their head at such a time but you."

"Is that the reason that you will never take me out anywhere."

License made no reply; but with a sardonic smile on his countenance, turned on his heel and swaggered out of the room in his fireman style, which was passible enough as one of his pleasantries; but in this case Ernest looked after him, with such an expression of scorn on his handsome face, that it sent a painful pang to the heart of Ori.

The sale passed off as such affairs are wont to. And Ori bid a tearful farewell to her afflicted son who returned to Sacramento; while Ori and Amy went to spend the day with a friend in the neighborhood. The neighbors exerted themselves to make things pleasant to Ori. But how was such a domestic woman to feel happy without a home. If ever any one deserved a home Ori did.

The following day License took Ori and Amy to their rooms. They were not prepossessed in favor of the house, as it stood back—between two others—and therefore affording but little chance for a look out.

The rooms were comfortable enough. Ori's especially so; as the bath-room door opened from her room. But Ori was not to enjoy any comfort here. Although the landlady, Mrs. Wilson, was exceedingly kind and thoughtful for her comfort; which is saying a great deal for one who did all the work of the house, and was obliged to pay particular attention to a boarder who was a physician, to whom we will give the cognomen of Sharp. Who being enamoured of his profession, which was certainly an aid in making him a skillful surgeon.

Ori was soon on friendly terms with all in the house; and for a few weeks they had pleasant conversations together. On one of these occasions the Doctor remarked:

"What a gay bird that husband of yours is. He came in one night and throwing himself on the sofa said Lie Cunning, will always be young."

Ori smiled, but made no reply. And as there was a call for the Doctor, Mrs. Wilson continued by saying "you can't think how we were amazed at your appearance; Mr. Cunning had informed us the night before you came, that he must burn up all his love-letters now as it would not do for his huge wife to see them. He filled the grate twice, and while they were burning, naturally enough the conversation turned on you, and we came to the conclusion that your hair had long since ceased to be the beautiful brown that it now is; and that you were so broad as to be unable to get in at the door. How many times since you came, the Doctor and myself have laughed at our mistake."

Ori could not help laughing at the flattering description License had given of her.

The previous winter License had written many loving epistles to his wife; and the poor infatuated soul believed every word. He had written that he could not enjoy sitting in G—— Church, Sacramento, because she, Ori, was no sitting by his side. And when he returned to San Francisco he intended to take a pew in T—— Church, and then all the family would be together. Now Ori was anticipating that pleasure. But when the Sabbath came Ori was conducted by License to a restaurant, and when they had finished their repast, License told her that it was too late to go to church and he must find another, as he could not hear the sermon in the one he had proposed, owing to an architectural difficulty in the building, and he was obliged to go to San Jose on business, so she must not expect him at the rooms to take them to dinner. It was a great mortification to Ori to go to the restaurant on the Sabbath, and to go alone was next to impossible.

The night previous, while License was at the theatre with his "pet," Ori had ordered a kerosine cooking-lamp at the store of a friend, intending to make herself and Amy a cup of tea at the rooms, but she foolishly informed License of her repugnance of going to the restaurant alone, and License countermanded the order before he visited his "pet." License did not go to San Jose, but was noticed, by certain friends, to go directly to Mrs. Lein, but returned in time to escort Ori and Amy to dinner.

On leaving the restaurant, Ori proposed to go to any church that License wished to go; but he proposed to go to the rooms first; and seating himself opposite Ori entertained her a whole evening, a circumstance to be noted, as it was the first time since their marriage.

"I have much good friends in the city now. I made such a number of pleasant acquaintances last winter. There is Mrs. Hooper and her two daughters, Mrs. Lein and Mrs. Levee"—with whom the reader are already acquainted. Amy had seen them, but believed her father, that they were the wife and sister-in-law of the Superintendent of the Alameda Railroad.

"How I should like to make you acquainted with Mrs. Hooper and her family, but I do not know how to bring it about. I have taken Mrs. Lein to the theatre all winter, and we have had such good times at Mrs. Campton's: she had some smashing surprise parties, and Mrs. Lein and I had good times, YOU BET. I must take Mrs. Lein to the theatre and around a little you know."

"Where is her husband?" inquired Ori.

"Oh, he is at sea."

"You will hurt his feelings. You ought not to take her out so much."

"Oh, Dick Lein is an old friend of mine. He likes to have his wife enjoy herself."

Poor Ori, what a cutting remark was this—the thrust went home, we can assure you, dear reader And just here we will stop to give you a word or two of warning: the first we will give to the LADIES' MAN, if any such should favor us with a hearing. Never make a confidante of your wife—if you have one—when you are in your cups. To boast to her of your intrigues "will not pay."

And secondly: do not trust to any woman's amiability for a longer period than twenty-four years, unless, you may have been a saint some part of the time; for, you may believe us, that if a woman has strength given her to bear with you that long—when her hope for you is gone—you will be the one to die of grief, and not the virtuous wife.

But to return: Ori said, "Those must be very bad women who can go with a married man to surprise parties—the married man leaving his solitary wife at home." And she might have added, women whose husbands were not cognizant of the fact. But our hero merely sided with Mrs. Lein, and inquired—

"If she must stay at home six months because her husband was absent?"

"I would."

"YOU," said he, with a withering sneer.

Ori was stung as though a serpent had bitten her, and surely a viper had. But still she spoke carelessly, and asked:

"What did you marry me for? You knew what my sentiments were."

"I do not know; but if I had fifty sons, I would not allow one to marry before he was thirty-five."

"Then you would have them act in the manner Claude has, which I call disgraceful in the extreme."

"Yes, Claude is a trump; and would not have married if the woman had not got the head start."

The Wednesday following, License entered his apartment very much like the first blast of a keen north-west wind, and without a prelude, began with—

"How is this?—Bills are handed to me constanstantly. I have had one handed me to-day for eight y rds of calico. If you dare get anything without money again I will publish you in all the papers—that I will pay no debts of your contracting."

This tirade did not trouble Ori very much; and she simply said:

"That was all she had sent for in Singleton, and if any more bills had been presented he should not h ve paid them."

License dyed his beard and pomatumed his hair, and donned his best, without another word, until he had finished. Ori had frequently asked License to spend a social evening with Lisette and her mother, for whose society he always professed a preference. But Licens e refused to go, saying he could not amuse himself there. Now, Ori flattered herself, was the opportunity to make the suggestion:

"You are preparing to go out; shall we go to Mrs. Leonard's to-night?"

"No; I have an engagement—I frequently go to the City Hall, and the office of the Chief of Police to play cards. To-night I am going to the rooms of a bachelor friend on Kearny street."

"Is he one of your new friends?"

"No; I have been acquainted with him a long time, though I have never mentioned him to you. But you do not suppose that you know half the ladies and gentlemen with whom I am acquainted." And the "la ies' man" raised his small round head, giving Ori a contemptuous glance. "The friend with whom I am to play to-night is Mr. Carey. Do you kn w him?"

This was said in an insulting tone, intending to teach Ori her inferiority; but it did not have the desired effect. Indeed, it was but another bitter application to aid her in her weaning. Ori quietly replied: "You u ed to enjoy playing cards with the Leonards."

"Bah! play cards with the Leonards; they do not know the first rudiments of the game." He said this sneeringly as he left Ori to her own reflections.

The gas was lighted in the parlor, and Mrs. Wilson and the Doctor were playing cribbage; Ori standing at the back of the Doctor's chair trying to make out what pleased them so much—which she was not likely to do, as she scarcely knew one card from another. A latch-key was turned in the hall door, and as none of the inmates were expected in so early as eight, the players held their cards face down on the table, and the trio looked up in surprise as License bolted in the parlor and pounced on the nearest chair, exclaimed:

"Doctor, I have got the dumps. I was at a card party but could not play; and as I was obliged to leave, I said, 'Gentlemen, I can't play to-night, I must leave; I will come again to-morr w night.'"

"Come cheer up, Cunn ing; this is quite new for you. Come, try a game of cribbage with me."

Mrs. Wilson was played out, and License took her seat. While the Doctor was shuffling the cards, License drew from his vest pocket a slip of paper, which he read, and replacing it in his pocket, began the game.

You understand by this time that License was playing a double game. But, Oh, how shallow was the one. And little did he ken that!

"Their was a chiel among them takin' notes."

Ori thought if he could not play crib any better than he was playing the other game she could beat him herself without an effort.

License lost; but this did not ruffle the "bird's" feathers.

The strip of paper was drawn from the vest pocket again; and, as if to reassure himself, he held it up to the gas light to read it. The obliging Doctor

had shuffled the cards once more, and License played another game; which finished, he condescended to see Ori who was reclining on the s fa, watching every movement of the usually self-possessed License.

"Come," he said, "let us go."

And Ori and License retired to their room. On entering their apartment License did not take a seat as usual, but kept pacing too and fr like a wild animal caged. This was another movement that he had never made before, and Ori thought how very strange this all appeared—and, wonderful to relate, he stopped pacing a moment to say:

"I have the dumps so bad, that I do not know what to do with myself," and then reiterating all he had said to the Doctor, added:

"My whole evening has been spoiled; the a buse I gave you before I left the house has given me the dumps."

PARBLEAU! here was a pretty speech to make. He kept up his pacing until Ori retired.

Where had he learned the word "dumps?"

He had never used it before, and Ori never remembered to have heard it before. And why did he pace the room?

Why all this excitement in the self-possessed "ladies' man:" and last though not least, why did he acknowledge to Ori that he was sorry? He had abused her; he had insulted and neglected her for twenty-four years, and never had appeared to realize before that she had feelings to hurt.

Poor, unappreciate i Ori. She was entirely in the dark on this subject for months. But you will not have long to wait before the mystery is solved.

License had roomed with Mrs. Wilson a fortnight before the advent of his family, and every night before he left the house he would say to Mrs. Wilson: "Now I am off to my Emma;" and occasionally adding: "I shall have a good time to-night, for her mother is to be out."

Now, on this particular occasion, Mrs. Hooper—who had begun to dread the consequences of having this married man spending so much of his time with her daughters—was at home. And having learned that Ori was in the city, politely informed License that it was his duty to spend some part of his time with his wife, and she would not allow him to visit her house any longer.

This was not all; callers came in, and the "pet" was unable to take a walk to a lodging-house where License and Mrs. Lein more frequently met; but always in the morning on particular days. As Mrs. Hooper had blocked their game on this particular night, all Mrs. Lein could do was to tear a strip off the margin of a newspaper, and watch an opportunity to pencil two lines to hand to the crest-fellen License, as he was obliged to leave the card party—hence the strip of reading matter w..ich License was constrained to read once more, stopping under the gaslight. As he read, a peculiar look of satisfaction spread itself over his features. Then he tore the strip of paper in two, and giving it a twist threw it in the grate among the papers. After turning off the gas he retir d and soon fell asleep. Not so with Ori, no sleep came to her eyes. she felt herself friendless and alone. Earthly props had been taken away one by one, her Heavenly Father had apparently taken his lamp from her feet, and she was walking in the dark.

License had an unfortunate habit of talking in his sleep. And, as Ori lay murmuring over certain of the last words of our Blessed Savior, she heard License say, "Won't she be jealous to-night; she ain't jealous now." She gave no heed to the words, but still repeated "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!"

The agony of those months will never be effaced from the memory of Ori: when she walked in the dark through troubles from which no earthly friend could release her.

She prepared herself to go to her morning meal, but feeling no appetite, chose to set everything in order before she left her apartment. Before igniting the stray papers in the grate, Ori thought she would untwist the last thrown in by License. Should she read it? What harm could there be in reading a slip of paper? The scene of the previous night was fresh in her memory; and she thought the paper would explain the mystery; and beside, License—who

was possessed of insatiable curiosity—would not scruple in reading ANY note. What if men do say, "Curiosity, thy name is woman!" If we are to suffer for the transgressions of Mother Eve, may we not take a little satisfaction as we go along? So Ori untwisted the note and read:

"I will see you at Mrs. Sayles' to-morrow morning.

E."

The hand writing was a lady's. Ori did not notice at the first reading, that the paper designated morning as the time of meeting. But remembering the words of License on the night previous, that he would return to Carey's to play cards at night, thought that the meeting with Mrs. Lein would be at night.

After taking a slight repast, Ori called on the wife of a nephew of License; and related to her all she knew of the above related facts, also showing her the slip of paper.

Mrs. Boyle begged Ori to be comforted; telling her at the same time that the family would not uphold License in such manouvers for wasting money, adding:

"Go to his sister, and tell her."

"No I cannot do that, she would insult my feelings, as his mother did, when she inquired of me what Claude had done, that I did not wish him to remain at our house."

"What did she say, Ori."

"She stamped her foot on the carpet, remarking that Claude was her son and she would not hear it. I returned, "Why did you ask me madam, I never would have named him to you or any of your family." Then she remarked, "I do not know what your children will be with the father going to one church and the mother to another. We despise extempore prayers and preaching." You know that the only church that License attended, was the hose-house, and they do not receive ladies in their congregation—at this I only laughed, but still my feelings were hurt. I think that Mrs. Ayres would treat me just the same."

"Well, if you do not like to inform his sister, I will, if you wish."

"It would be conferring a great favor, as my poor Ernest needs money; and I cannot get any from License; perhaps his sister might bring him to terms."

When Ori returned to her desolate room, she learned from Mrs. Wilson that License had been inquiring for her. Had dressed and gone out at ten o'clock. Ori comfortably seated tried to read, but finding it an utter impossibility tried needle-work; but she could not crush out the troubled thoughts that would intrude. Amy was out visiting, and Ori must go to the restaurant alone, because License was obliged to remain, to close up the store every night; at least so he informed Ori.

One night License asked Ori whether she ever looked out of the window. "I cannot see without going on the balcony, and I dislike going out in these high winds."

"You're a strange woman. When do you dine?"

"We are not particular about that, but will go whenever you can make it convenient to go with us."

"Then I will meet you at———restaurant at six."

"You will not keep us waiting longer, as every thing appears so strangely to us country people."

"No, I will be their at six, sharp."

Ori went and waited until half past seven. Then Amy said "Mama, you know papa never did come at the appointed time; what is the use of waiting longer? I am so hungry; let us go and sit at a table at least."

So they went and waited a short time, losing all hope of License keeping his appointment. Then faint and weary they partook of their meal. When they returned, Amy remained at the gate to watch for papa; returning in a few minutes to the desolate Ori with the AGREEABLE intelligence that papa had just passed through Stockton street in a buggy with a lady.

Ori and Amy were sitting in the parlor, when License entered with a limping gait, and looking at Ori, said:

"I have had such a hard day's work—I am so tired. I have just closed the store."

The following morning, Ori again asked License for money.

"You'll not get a d—d cent from me."

"How is it that you can take a lady out in a buggy—to the theatre, to a ball or a party, and are never willing to give me a dime?"

"You are a G— d—n liar, if you say that I ever took a lady out."

"I have your own words for it."

"Hand me your Bible." When License received it, he held it up before him and said: "I hope God may strike me down dead, if I have seen Mrs. Lein, or taken her or any other woman out since you came to this city. And may God strike me dead if I ever speak to Mrs. Lein again."

Then he kissed the book and laid it on the table. Ori stood as one petrified, but soon found courage to ask—

"Who gave you that slip of paper requiring you to meet her at Mrs. Sayles'?"

"That was given me by George, telling me to meet him to receive money coming to the firm."

"It did not look like a business note; what was the signature?"

"G. or H., I forget which."

Ori had the slip of paper in her pocket, but for obvious reasons decided on not showing it at that time.

His swearing on the Book was a stunner for Ori. The "pet" and he must have kept very bad company; for he had never gone as far as this before.

License went to his business; and Ori called on Mrs. Brewerly, the wife of one of the firm of Brewerly, Cunning & Co. In the course of conversation, Ori learned from Mrs. Brewerly that her husband was always the last at the store, and also, that License left at six. Ori's call would have been very pleasant but for the depression of her spirits. She admired the delicate lady and her family; but had called chiefly on business, intending to find out, cautiously, whether there was any hope of getting any money from the firm; and like a true diplomat she was quietly quizzing the innocent lady.

"Ori, I informed Mrs. Ayres of the course of License," said Mrs. Boyle, one afternoon, after having conversed awhile; "and she said that she did not believe a word. She did not wish to be mixed up in the matter, and considered her brother deserved great credit for the thousands of dollars he had spent on his crippled son."

"I think that his crippled son would be gratified to know that there had been thousands spent on the whole family. License spent sixty dollars—so he said—on a galvanic battery once, and that he thought a great affair, though he thought nothing of spending sixty dollars for a few days' excursion to Niagara with a Fireman's Company. Ernest has always had the best of health; and he has no expensive habits—has never spent a dime for wine, fruit or confectionery. A pen-knife, perhaps, or something for his horse, has been all his indulgences. And you know how I have pinched along."

"Well, I am sorry; but you are a Christian, and must hope for the best."

"I will give the family one more chance. I have written to Tobias Peter Cunning for sympathy for Ernest. I asked for prayers for myself, describing minutely the sufferings I have endured for twenty-four years. And if T. P. C. does not interest himself for Ernest, I shall consider it my duty to go in some person's kitchen and send the money to him.

CHAPTER IX.

DISGUISE—ST. JAMES'—GREAT PROMISES—GIVEN AWAY, GRATIS—JOB'S RESTAURANT—TRANSMIGRATION, A DEAD DOG CHANGES TO A LIVING LIONESS—THE POLKA.

The following Sabbath, License went as usual to Wells, Fargo & Co. and the postoffice, returning in time to take Ori and Amy to their morning meal. The church bells had scarcely done tolling when Ori proposed going to church.

License informed her that he wished her to go with him to their rooms, as he had left his cane, telling her at the same time, that "if she had kept her eyes PEELED she would have seen Mrs. Lein."

"She was not there."

"Yes, she was; the lady in black who went out with the tall gentleman."

"There was no lady in black who went out with a tall gentleman, while we were there; and, besides, Mrs. Lein does not dress in black. I know all her dresses, she wears green and purple silks usually." Ori had frequently seen her on the street.

This was all License wished to know—whether Ori would recognize his "pet" in black. He intended to take her out for a drive, and turned the conversation from church to dress while he led Ori back to their rooms. They had taken off their bonnets, when License suddenly remembered that he had promised the Superineendent of the ——— Sabbath School that he would be there, and with a bound the low creature was down the stairs and off to his "pet."

In the evening, he came rushing into the parlor, exclaiming—

"Bad news! bad news! Have you seen the newspaper?"

"No."

License held a newspaper before her, pointing out a paragraph for her perusal.

"Is it Ernest in trouble?" asked Ori, with her hand held tightly over her throbbing heart, and feeling a hazy mist coming over her eyes, for she was in constant fear that Ernest would fall off some runaway horse.

"No; it is my friend, Henson."

Feeling greatly relieved Ori tried to read but could not.

"Who is Mr. Henson?"

"He is the friend who called so often when I had that attack of hemorrage."

"I do not remember to have seen him."

"He was baggage-master on the San Jose Railroad—he has gone insane."

Ori was as much in the cloud as ever; but License reminded her that he was called Ned; and then she began to understand who it was, although she had seen him once—years before.

License was uncommonly communicative, telling her that Mrs. Henson had met him in the morning as soon as he left the house, and compelled him to go home with her to see Ed., and he had been compelled to ride with her all the way to the San Jose Depot in all the wind and dust. Ori thought he might be willing to go and see his daughter, but his excuse was, always, "wind and dust."

Mrs. Lein must have had some charm to allay the wind and dust. But he continued: "I am going to the City Hall."

"I will go too."

"You would not like to see the prisoners there."

"I know it would give me pain, but I will go."

License caught up his papers and retired to his room, and was soon taking a nap; waking in time to escort Ori and Amy to their dinner.

The following evening, License brought a newspaper and seating himself

near the gaslight, read to Ori that Mrs. Henson had been spending a few weeks at Pescadera, and friends had telegraphed that day, Monday, and were watching her return to take her to see her afflicted husband. He then left as was his custom; and Amy said:

"Mama, why did you not say that you thought he spent all the Sabbath with Mrs. Henson?"

That would only have caused him to tell more falsehoods. My poor Amy, how sorry I am that you have such a father."

Ori was compelled to ask for money again; she was making a dress for Amy, and needed many things towards its completion; she received her usual answer:

"But, I must have twenty-five cents."

"I have not that much about me."

When returning from the restaurant Ori stepped in a store and asked for twenty-five cents worth of cotton, belonging to License to walk in and pay for it—and he did so,—when taking the money out of his purse, he handed Ori two dollars. Ori thanked him, thinking that he had opened his heart to give her what she had asked for; but he whispered in her ear the wash. So Ori lost her money and he deceived the merchant.

He had never been at any expense for the purpose of dress; for as we have said she always worked for strangers to earn pin-money. But as her children were now grown up she determined to do so no longer.

Thoroughly disgusted Ori left the store. When they returned to their rooms License waited for the twilight as usual. While sitting with nervous irresolution he dipped his hand in a back pocket and drawing out a handful of cash, remarked:

"That is what I have to spend to-night for the good of the firm."

As Ori turned to look. License with his thumb tossed certain pieces of silver over to cover the gold. That manouver opened Ori's eyes, she then understood who the firm were.

When License went out, Ori made a call on her friend Mrs, Fletcher and told her all her griefs; saying "I think if I could meet them together once: he would be civil to me ever after."

"I will assist you in that, although, I do not think it will work. I will send for a black veil and gloves and with your black dress and shawl, you will not need much to prepare a suit of mourning; in that disguise you might try the effect of what you propose. I see it is as you say, you cannot keep quiet and that will amuse you at least.

Ori had waited long for an answer to her letter, to Tobias Peter Cunning but instead of sympathy—dreading exposure, the whole family turned against her—thus driving her to expose to strangers the very things they wished to conceal.

On the saturday following License informed Ori that he was going to Alameda that morning at nine oclock, and asked, "are you going outt this morning?"

"Yes to my breakfast."

"And, will you return directly?"

"No I have an errand."

"Will you be hear by noon?"

"If you wish I will try."

"Then remember, I will meet you here at twelve o'clock."

Ori knew there was something on the tapis, and having obtained means from License, by showing him the slip of paper she had ordered a paasol to match a suit that she was making for herself. Returning from thee restaurant, Ori stepped in the store to get the parasol, and learned that it would not be finished before the hour of noon. Ori then attended to some other little matters intending to return in the evening, when on crossing Dupont street she saw License walking rapidly from the lodging house in which Mrs. Sayles roomed. And having a feeling of faintness come over her she concluded it was best to return to her lodgings, before completing her purchases. On reaching her room she became very ill, and was compelled to take to her couch..

License came in the evening, and stepping near the head of her couch,

asked "What in h—ll is the matter now? I have been confined to the store all day, not even having a chance to go out and get my lunch; I am working like a slave for bread for you; I am sick and tired of this way of living."

"So am I. And if you will give me the means to assist me to help myself, I will take Amy and go, and you may enjoy yourself with Mrs. Lein to your heart's content."

"Mrs. Lein again. I swear I have not seen Mrs. Lein."

"You were not here at noon; did you go to Alameda?"

"Don't I tell you, that I've been in the store all day."

"I was obilged to wait for my parasol u til twelve o'clock, and I saw you on the street; and becoming quite ill, I could not stop to purchase my gloves."

"What color do you wish?" said License cooling down in an instant.

"Maroon to correspond with the parasol."

"Where is Amy?"

"I sent her for some rusk."

"Why did you not send her for tea?"

"I can drink water; tea would be too much for the child to carry."

"Then I will go after the gloves."

License, delighted with an excuse, went out and spent the time till the "we sma' hours" with his "pet."

Sabbath morning, Ori, feeling much better, rose, and while dressing her hair, spied a small parcel l ing on the bureau, which on opening she found to be the gloves that she wished for.

At night, License having spent the day as usual and believing Ori unable to leave her room, informrd her that he was going to St. James'.

"I should like to accompany you. I wish to visit that church very much.

"I do not think you are able, but if you insist, you may go with me."

Ori was very happy to get permission; she had asked him to go there frequently, thinking that the services were so unusual, that as he would not go any where else, she might yet lead him from the company he was in the habit of going with.

License sat gazing at a woman, who was sitting in a pew in advance of the one they occupied, and on the side aisle. Ori recognized the TOUT ENSEMBLE; the dress was purple this time, the same hat and plume and black velvet circular. The woman whispered to a man sitting beside her, who turned partly around to take a look at Ori—who was both awed and charmed with the choral service.

The building, a Gothic, exceedingly plain and neat within The large organ filled a space to the right of the chancel. A partition across the front portion of the building concealed a troupe of charming little songsters, who marched in pairs to their seats in the chancel, all dressed in white surplices. The foremost lad carrying the cross, and the priest following the last; all singing the following verses:

PROCESSIONAL HYMN.

We march, we march to victory!
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With His loving Eye looking down from the sky,
And His holy arm spread o'r us.

We come in the night of the Lord of Light,
In surpliced train to meet Him;
And we put to flight the armies of night,
That the sons of Day may greet him.
We march, we march, etc.

We tread to the roll of the organ swell,
With watchword duly given;
And we challenge the Prince of the Hosts of Hell
To fight for the gate of Heaven.
We march, we march, etc.

Our word is the Spirit of God on High.
Our helmet is His salvation,
Our banner the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword—the Incarnation.
We march, we march, etc.

Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us;
With His eye of love looking down from above
And His holy arm spread o'er us.
We march, we march, etc.

The services ended, the young choristers were the first to retire in the same order in which they marched in, singing:

THE RE-CESSIONAL HYMN.

Onward, Christian, onward go,
Join the war and face the foe;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life
March, march, from Egypt's strand,
March, till we reach the Promised Land.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.
March, march, etc.

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad,
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory make your song.
March, march, etc.

Onward then, to battle move;
More than conquerers ye shall prove;
Though oppressed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.
March, march, etc.

Ori was charmed with the whole scene: except the last. She unfortunately glanced up at License intending to make a pleasant remark, as the "ladies, man" was giving a most fascinating look to Mrs. Lein, as she was passing out with her brother. What would Ori have given for one such loving smile; but she was not to expect any love or sympathy from License or his family.

Ori received the crape veil and black gloves; and having trimmed a straw hat with crape which she had carefully preserved to festoon on the stars and stripes on the anniversary of the death of the martyr, Abraham Lincoln.

Thus disguised she sallied out to meet License and his "pet." Ori was standing in a fancy store opposite the lodging house where Mrs. Sayles roomed; and while she was waiting for the clerk to make his appearance that she might purchase beads for Amy, License came up Broadway street and crossing passed the store, never taking the least notice of the lady in mourning. Ori was not an adept in such matters, and after walking around until she feared attracting notice; she returned to her lodgings. Ori made a number of such excursions, always seeing either the "ladies' man" or the "pet," returning from or going to their various places of rendezvous, but her physical strength was inadequate to the excitement of meeting the two together.

At last, becoming desperate; goaded by the abusive language of License; Ori determined to "beard the lion in his den."

So she equipped herself in her suit of mourning, and taking a collar with her to be stitched, she went to the lodging-house. The first room Ori had to pass was a dressmaker's. She intended to wait and watch while her stitching was being done. But the dressmaker was not at home. What was Ori to do now? She was at a loss to conjecture. As she stood considering how to proceed, a servant man came forward to sweep the hall. On the impulse of the moment, Ori inquired which was the room of Mrs. Sayles?

"I don't know."

As Ori returned to the stairs a man with a tone of authority asked, "Madame, what do you want?"

"The dressmaker."

"You did not ask for her just now," he said fiercely.

"No; I asked for Mrs. Sayles."

He turned to show Ori her room, when, lo! and behold, Mrs. Sayles was coming down the passage.

"This is Mrs. Sayles," said he.

Ori was dumbfounded. She had no idea that she was calling on an octoroon. But there she was leading by the hand a little white child whom she called daughter.

As we have said before, Ori could not utter a syllable.

The silence of the party was getting ominous, when Mrs. Sayles asked, "Did you wish to see me?"

"Yes; I came to see Mrs. Lein and a gentleman."

"I do not know any one by that name."

That was too much for Ori. Looking the woman steadily in the eye, she said firmly, "That is strange."

"Well, I know one—Mrs. Hooper's daughter."

"That is the lady."

So without more ado, Mrs. Sayles turned to unlock the door with a huge key that she held in her hand all the while she was speaking with Ori, who followed her; but after taking a few steps her throbbing heart overcame her resolution, and Ori was compelled to return to the landing of the stair to inhale fresh air. This movement decided Mrs. Sayles, and she said:

"What made you think that I would allow anything of that kind to go on in the presence of my child?"

Aha! thought Ori, how do you know what I think? She simply returned, "I suspect that neither you or your child are supposed to know anything of this business."

"I have not seen Mrs. Lein for some time. I used to see her often on Chestnut street."

Ori knew by certain information which she had received, that the lovers met there occasionally, at the house of a friend of the "pet." The friend, for the most part of the time, under the influence of potations of FIRE WATER partly supplied by License. Indeed, most of their acquaintance were of the families of bar-keepers—as was Mrs. Sayles.

"It is of no use crying, that will do no good: if it was not Mrs. Lein it would be somebody else. If you keep still and do not tell any one about me, I will pay your room rent—a dollar and a half a week for our wash, and three bits a meal each for you and Amy twice a day. And if you do not keep still, I will leave you, and you may do the best you can. But I will not live in this way."

"In what way? I am sure that you have every thing your own way," suggested Ori.

"Yes I always did and I always will."

"But I cannot live this way."

"What do you want?"

"Divorce."

"That you can never get, you can't prove any thing against me."

"Can I not? I was at Mrs. Sayles this morning, intending to wait for you."

"And why did you not wait? you would have found that the man who Mrs. Lein goes with is not me, although he looks like me. You shall go to the ranch, I will not allow you to stay here any longer. This house is too good for you."

"If I believed all you say of the inmates I should not think it a proper place for a pure woman. Will you answer me one more question truthfully?"

"If I can."

"What did you marry me for;"

"To give you a home, because you were poor."

They had been sitting in the parlor while this conversation was going on. And after making this last speech, License retired to his room, locking his door while Ori was on the stairs.

When she heard the turning of the key, thinking it a broad hint, she seated herself on the step; wishing for some friend to instruct her. She had written one letter to Mrs. Pithie. But it was so full of her griefs, she had delayed sending it, and License while hunting for the slip of paper had found the letter and reading it, said that he would place it in the Bank of California to bring against her. This did not trouble Ori, she knew that if any one saw it, it would have a contrary effect. At last License opened the door. And Ori entering the room, what a sight presented itself. License had turned out all his bureau drawers and had been packing up his trunk to leave them.

Ori knew by certain information that she had received, that License was to take Mrs. Lein on a tour that they might have a good time. Ori thought that now they were going. But looking up from his packing as Ori entered, License remarked, "I was going to leave to-night, but as I pay the rent, I will remain till morning,"

The following morning License informed Ori that she must leave; and going to Amy's room informed her that she need not look for him that day, as he would not return at night. When they had returned from their morning meal, Ori taking a specimen of her work, sallied out to procure employment: going first to the house of Mrs. Hooper, she inquired for Mrs. Lein of a pretty little girl who came to the door. The child, Gracie, left Ori with her brother a, lovely little fellow of some three summers, and she could but admire the sunny face and flowing flaxen curls. But her loving heart saddened at the thought of the noxious atmosphere in which these children were to be educated. Little did she imagine how soon they would be with the Great Father. When Mrs. Lein entered the room, Ori instead of introducing herself, having her hand under her paletot, holding it tightly over her heart as if to still its throbbings, and looking the "pet" steadily in the eye, said inquiringly:

"Mrs. Lein?"

"Yes," she replied.

"I have called to tell you that you are welcome to License Cunning."

The "pet" pursing up her rather large mouth, and tossing back her head answered:

"I scarcely know him. I was introduced, but he has not been in the house more than three times."

"He ordered me to leave him this morning; and I have come to inform you that you are perfectly welcome to him."

"Tell him that I do not care a pin for him. I have a number of gentlemen friends; and I have a husband of my own."

This was said in a boasting way, but Ori could not see what there was to boast of. And she left without an adieu, simply repeating her text. She did not receive an invitation to call again.

Ori received a promise of embroidery, but as it was not as fashionable as formerly, there was very little doing.

She then bent her steps to the store of the firm. And finding one of the firm standing at the door, she related to him all that had transpired, informing him that she could not live in that manner any longer; she must have means to support herself, adding:

"I real, think that I deserve a pension for my twenty-four years servitude."

Mr. Brewerly recommended her to go to her lodgings, and as she had no faith in License, he, Brewerly, would see to it that she received any remittance toward her maintenance that License would agree to give.

Ori returned to her lodgings and License called to see his family as usual after dinner—quite civil this time—Ori supposed through the influence of Mr. Brewerly. But she feared that th s state of things would not last long.

She had not the courage to open an assault, consequently said nothing of what had past between Mr. Brewerly and herself.

The following Saturday morning License remarked to Ori, "I am going to Oakland, and will return by the ten o'clock boat."

In the evening License having forgotten the story of the morning, or for some reason not apparent, sent a note to Ori to the effect, that the youngest child of Mrs. Brewerly was dangerously ill, and Mr. Brewerly had not been to the store all day; therefore he, License, would not be at the lodgings until very late at night.

Ori was aware that Mrs. Brewerly had been watching her little darling for some time. But she hoped that it might be spared to her: feeling as none but a mother can, how sad the parting would be.

Ori met her landlady as she was returning to her rooms, and she acquainted her with the contents of the note.

"Now is a good chance to coax him, having been alone all day he will be glad to see you; before you dine, you might talk to him a little."

Ori doubted the propriety of trying to conciliate him: and as he was civil, she feared to break the charm. But being willing to try any remedy prescribed, Ori and Amy dropped in at the store to lighten the tedium of his few remaining hours.

If a thunderbolt had struck him, the "ladies' man" could not have been more shocked than he appeared to be as he saw Ori and Amy enter the store. Mr. Brewerly was there and had been occasionally through the day, and the "ladies' man" wanted to know, in an aside, what in h—ll brought them there.

"We thought that you were lonely, and came to be company for you, and to assist in getting your dinner in some way if we could."

"Company be d—d, you came to watch me because you are so jealous. You thought I was going with some woman."

Verily, Mrs. Wilson should have been at hand, to see how beautifully her prescription worked.

"License Cunning, there is retribution in this world; and you will receive your reward."

"I dare say, if I don't allow you to dog me around, I must be punished. Did I not tell you this morning that I intended to go to Oakland?"

"Yes, but I thought that the note you sent, proved that you had been disappointed."

"Well, I was not; I meant to go at six, when we close the store."

"Did you design returning to night?"

"Yes, in the ten o'clock boat."

"But there is no ten o'clock boat from Oakland."

"Yes, there is."

"Would it be sensible to have a boat leave Oakland at ten o'clock at night?"

"Well, Levio is going to have it so at any rate."

Oakland is a suburban city, where San Franciscans choose to retire. And though the inhabitants come often to seek amusement in San Francisco, none would be likely to go to San Francisco at ten o'clock at night. Therefore a boat at that hour would not be profitable, and there is no probability of one being put on for years.

After License had finished speaking his piece, he conducted them to Job's Restaurant.

You have all heard of Job's patience; but you perhaps have not heard of Job's restaurant. It is a very superior one we can assure you; and Job's was just the place for Ori. And just the place for License as you shall see.

"Will you go in all black, or how? my dear."

"I have not decided yet, my love. Clara and I will arrange that; but I must have you, love, to accompany me there."

"Certainly, I will be sure to be with you, my pet. How I wish we could rid ourselves of that dead dog in the pit."

"Oh! you need not mind her. I can cheat mother nicely, and as Mrs. Sayles says, you must never give in to your wife, and continue to do all you can to aggravate her, that she may do something to expose herself. Then if she applies to the law; you will have the advantage."

"Yes, you may trust me for that; I have great hope of crushing her out soon;

for she don't read her Bible as often as formerly: and that always seemed to be such a comfort to her: I hate the damned canting thing, who don't like to enjoy life herself, and is determined that no one else shall. Come my pet, let us have a good time: as that is all settled there is no use waiting until we go to the L— House. Let us haveall the fun we can as we go along. Shall we get Charley Williams to whistle a tune? I have told my daughter, that a lady much superior to herself, gave me the credit of being a good waltzer."

"Charley has not returned from the hotel yet. I can sing and dance at the same time."

So the "ladies' man" and Mrs. Lein polked while she sung—

"When Johnny comes marching home again."

"Bully for you, Charley Williams, bag your head." This was said to Charley as he came to the door with a speech. And the "ladies' man" and Mrs. Lein retired to their respective domiciles. They met often, and License never suspected that "the dead dog in a pit should turn to be a living lioness;" spoiling the first part of their programme in an endeavor to please him, as we have shown. So now he could do nothing better than take the "dead dog" to Job's restaurant, that the "pet" might see, by looking across the street, that he, the "ladies' man," was unavoidably detained.

When Ori and License returned to their lodgings, the "ladies' man" seated himself moodily before the grate, saying to himself:

"If I only had one friend:—I wish I were dead—"

"Why do you not go to the theatre? You always do go on a Saturday night," said Ori.

He evidently had had a bitter disappointment, and Ori was heartily sorry that she had interfered with his arrangement.

CHAPTER X.

JUDGE WISEMAN—MRS. LEIN—"FAST" WOMEN OF SAN FRANCISCO—SMALL POX—PAINFUL ACCIDENT—FALSE WITNESS.

Ori had decided on getting a lawyer's advice the first opportunity that presented. Although Mrs. Pithie constantly wrote to encourage her to bear the cross for Christ's sake, and not bring ignominy on her children by sueing for a divorce.

One morning Ori dressed in her mourning suit, walked up Montgomery street, in search of a conscientious lawyer, and not being able to find the one recommended as such, she waited for a gentleman who she saw leaving a lawler's office, and inquired of him for the office of Judge Wiseman.

The gallant gentleman escorted her to the door, entertaining her all the way; they having a very pleasant chat on a variety of subjects. With some remarks on Boston and the Bostonians, New York and its celebrities. When Dr. Tyng was named, Ori informed the gentleman that she held him in the highest esteem, and sincerely hoped that God would bring him safely through all his difficulties, and speedily.

Ori thus pleasantly conducted to the office, seated herself, and waited for the appearance of the Judge.

When Judge Wiseman entered and being seated, Ori informed him of her unpleasant errand, which was to ask his advice in regard to an application for divorce. She had no idea of law matters, and it was a sad trial to her to ask advice of an entire stranger. But as we have said she could not go with her troubles to the nephew, John Tobias Boyle, although he was a lawyer, as owing to his ill name, he was desirous of crushing her, to save the family from animadversion. And then there is a mutual detestation between the virtuous and the vicious, the spiritual and the sensual; but the pure abhor understand-

ingly, knowing the nature of their antagonist, while the vile nurse an ignorant malignanty, pained with an unacknowledged ache of envy.

Judge Wiseman listened patiently to all Ori had to say, and when she showed him the slip of paper, he informed her that any Judge or jury would morally give her a divorce, but in law she must bring proof; her own eyes were not sufficient. She must get some man whose veracity could be depended on, to watch License. This was an impossibility for Ori, as she had no gentlemen friends. Her father, Mr. Pithie, had found a watery grave some years previous. Hewas buried beneath the briny deep; and we have seen what a heavy affliction she had suffered in the loss of her only brother. She was exceedingly obliged to the kind hearted Judge, who received no remuneration for her encroachment on his precious time.

Ori left the office with a sad heart, and calling on her friend Mrs. Gooding, informed her of all her grief. Her friend feeling great solicitude for her health, offered her a home for one year; saying, that "by that time License will have become tired of his "pet" and will return to you." Ori thanked her kind friend sincerely; but replied that when she left him she never wished to see or hear from him again; he having returned to her from other women too often, by several times. Mrs. Gooding then advised Ori to attend T—— Church more regularly and prepare herself for confirmation by the Bishop, adding, "that is the only thing that I know of that will bring peace to you."

Ori did as Mrs. Gooding advised, always dreading the appearance of Mr. Ayres, who attended that communion.

But finding it impossible to reconcile herself to her present mode of life, she called once more on Mr. Brewerly to inquire whether he was willing to assist her as he had recommended formerly. Mr. Brewerly informed her that he would remit any money that License would agree to give her; so Ori returned to her lodgings:

When License came he was particularly sweet. Mr. Brewerly had disclosed all that Ori had related to him—which indeed he always did—and License was prepard to quote scripture, or make love; any thing that would deter Ori from her determination, and throwing his arms around her neck, he made the following propositions and promises.

"Come mother, said he, it will not look well for us to separate after having lived together for twenty-four years. I will promise never to speak a cross word to you again. Let by-gones be by-gones, and I will forgive you. I will hire three rooms, one for a kitchen, you may room w.th Amy and I will be the same as a boarder. This arrangement will save your character. The fact is I must have a home when I return from the country."

Ori's breaking heart was relieved by a flood of tears. She had endured the quintessence of serfdom, and in this way the "ladies' man;" this sprig of an aristocratic family, would varnish his villainy. Was ever one of God's servant's so in ulted?

Ori was overcome with a variety of emotions. As License left her sitting, and in tears, suddenly on ominous calm came over her. Rising she began pacing the floor, with her fingers interlaced closely together and clasped over her head she was beset with the most awful cursings on the one whom she had prayed for, for so many years. The remainder of that long afternoon she spent in alternate cursing and begging for grace to overcome the horrid overwhelming temptation.

You must remember that she had been walking in the dark, but this could not last forever. Becoming more composed, Ori caught up her Bible and turning to the Book of Job, a gleam of light brought peace to her sorely tried spirit.

License urged her to assist in finding more suitable rooms, telling her that he knew that Mrs. Wilson had poisoned her mind against him; and as there were things going on not calculated to be agreeable to Ori's pure mind, the sooner they left the better. Ori did not believe a word of this, but disliking the boarding at a restaurant, was very willing to assist in selecting apartments; which were found and they commenced housekeeping in the old way. License keeping pretty civil for him. His amiable temper being slightly ruffed however the night they left Mrs. Wilson's.

It happened in this way: the Doctor and Mrs. Wilson being in the parlor, where License and Ori seated themselves to say a few words before parting, when License looked towards Mrs. Wilson, his face assumed a ghastly hue. Mrs. Wilson did not see the color leave, but on looking up from her needle-work she observed,

"How very pale you are looking, Mr. Cunning, are you ill?"

"No, only tired."

"Over packing one box of books," remarked Ori, who had been packing all day.

"One box, indeed; I don't know where you could get your bread and butter if that was all I did in one day." He was too indignant to keep still, so gave one of his usual harangues. Ori had watched his countenance, wondering how he could look in the face of the lady, after all he had said; and when she saw the pallor overspread his face she was happy to think that he had some conscientious feeling left.

One morning on awakening License observed:

"Did you say that you did not care a pin for me?"

Before Ori could answer he continued, "I met my old friend Dick Lein on the street, last Saturday. I was very happy to see him. He has been to Washington to get a commission. I don't think he got it, as there was no sign on his shoulder. As it is a very delicate question, I did not like to ask."

Ori wondered how he, License happened to become so refined all at once. She inquired "which of our acquaintances does Mr. Lein resemble?"

"Oh I don't know," he answered carelessly, "he has light hair and beard, light eyes, and is a tall heavy set man."

Well, thought Ori, as soon as you begin your abuse again, I will call on Mr. Lein, as I did on the "pet."

And Ori did not wait long. She found it very unpleasant keeping house for License, as he never was punctual, and now that he found more difficulty in seeing the "pet" as her husband was to be deceived as well as her mother, he did not improve in punctuality.

He quite often breakfasted and dined away from home, and Ori determined to see Mr. Lein, and try to prove who wrote on the slip of paper.

With great difficulty she obtained an interview. A friend who was slightly acquainted with Mr. Lein, informed him that a lady at her house, a Mrs. Frank, wished to see him, as she had certain important information to communicate.

When the friend announced Mr. Lein, Ori with nervous tremulousness handed him the slip of paper, and inquired, "did you ever see that hand writing before?"

"I have."

"And whose do you call it, sir?"

"My wife's."

"If you will have the kindness to screen me for a short time, I will give you the history of that writing."

Ori related as well as she could the substance of what we have already disclosed to the reader, and finished by praying him to assist her to free herself from License.

Mr. Lein was quite willing to get a divorce from his wife, as he had become perfectly discouraged with the fast life that she was leading, and Ori promised to write all she knew and enclose the manuscript for Mr. Lein.

Unfortunately for her she was unable to keep her promise. For days she was without writing paper or means to get it, though License at last, gave her efficient aid, without intending it. He had been contemplating leaving the city, for some time, as he and the "pet" were to have another good time. They found it rather more difficult to carry on their intrigue, for now they must keep out of the sight of Mr. Lein, as well as Mrs. Hooper.

Now License persuaded his partners to make him the traveling agent for the firm: and calculating to leave on the Wednesday, on Tuesday morning he gave Ori ten dollars, telling her that would keep herself and Amy as many days. Ori was made too happy by this. Ten days peace—as License had not kept his promise,—and cash beside, must have been too much for her, so Ori became quite ill.

The small-pox was raging terribly, and License was obliged to call in a physician. He, License, thinking that Ori had the first symptoms of that disease. When the physician came, Ori informed him that she had been taking ignatia, and the doctor pronounced her illness neuralgia.

At one and the same time, one of the firm was attacked with ophthalmia; and the wife of the other dangerously ill, License was unable to leave San Francisco, thus proving that:

"The best laid plans of mice and men, gang aft agley."

When Ori recovered, she went at once procured writing paper. But what a task she had undertaken.

License who had been informed by Doctor Sharp of her desire to see Mr. Lein, was continually on the watch. And this was not enough. He had set certain of the police on the corner of the street to watch her every movement. We have hinted that License was a politician, and consequently many of the police and detectives of the city were friendly to him, and Ori could not ascertain who they were.

When her manuscript was finished, she could not trust it to any one but Mr. Lein, or one certain detective for whom she se rched in vain at the City Hall, and being directed to his hotel, was informed by the clerk, that he left the city the night before. Then Ori wrote to him; but she thought that her note had not reached its destination, as she never heard from the gentleman.

Then she tried going to a store, which Mr. Lein was obliged to pass on his way to Montgomery street. Purchasing certain articles; watching for him all the while, she was examining the goods; intending to brave the policeman who she saw standing at the corner twirling his baton. This was not a success; for although she managed to amuse the clerk for an hour and a half she failed to see Mr. Lein, and fearing that she might do something to hinder him from getting a divorce, she decided not to attempt any thing more. Feeling however, that as men have everything very much their own way, she hoped Mr. Lein would get justice without her writing; and as License would not keep his promise to send twenty dollars a month to his crippled son; she would enlarge her manuscript, and getting it published, obtain means for her darling—whom she called, boy, but as he was in his twenty-third year, you and I would call him a young man. Ori would thus turn to profit, what she at first thought would merely bring justice.

As we have said License did not leave San Francisco, and Ori was obliged to listen to his abusive tongue; he constantly affirming his intention to visit New York. His brother, Tobias Peter Cunning, having given him a pressing invitation to be there at Christmas, to partake of the Christmas cheer. His family who had been boarding for years, had returned from Canterberry—where they always spent the warm term—and were going to house-keeping again.

"Brother Tobias says, that I have a duty to perform!"

"Not to me," said Ori, "I can make my own living."

"Brother Tobias urges me to send you to a private Lunatic Asylum, but I do not wish to do anything to separate us; though five physicians of San Francisco, admit that you are insane; and you are on one subject, that of Mrs. Lein. For, although she is a friend of mine, I swear, that I have never seen her since you have been in the city."

"I never say Mrs. Lein to you. I have long ceased to care where you go, or what you do. I will not resist being sent to the Alameda Lunatic Asylum. I knoy that they would not put me among their worst cases. And if my God permits you to send me there, he will turn it to good for me, and I may be the means of doing good to some other poor soul in similiar circumstances. And if God spares my life, I will know your brother the Deacon of —— Church to be heartily sorry that he ever urged you to send me to a Lunatic Asylum. And Mrs. Ayers, your sister, will repent telling you that she always thought me jealous and selfish.

"Bah! my family are on too high a pinnacle for you to hurt them."

So then these aristocrats have no fine feeling, no sympathy for a poor suffering woman and her crippled son. The only way to reach their Christian

hearts was by getting a divorce; and this License had been going around San Francisco, making points for months to prevent.

Ori knew that he did not understand her; so she quoted this passage of Scripture to endeavor to enlighten him:

"Therefore hear now this, thou afflicted and drunken, but not with wine: Thus sayeth thy Lord the Lord and thy God, that pleadeth the cause of his people. Behold, I have taken out of thine hand the cup of trembling, even the dregs of the cup of my fury: Thou shalt no more drink it again: But I will put it in the hand of them that afflict thee: which have said to thy soul, bow down, that we may go over: and thou hast laid thy body as the ground, and as the street, to them that went over."

"Can your people get on such a high pinnacle that God cannot reach them?"

"Your friends all say that you can quote Scripture, but do not live by it."

Ori said no more; always she allowed him to have the last word; but resolved to watch and pray for deliverance.

Ori had informed Mr. Lein, that License claimed him as an old friend. That gentleman averred on his honor, that the first time he had ever spoken to him, was one Sabbath some ten days previous, when License had brought a buggy to take the "pet" out for a drive. They did not expect to have Mr. Lein in the house, but, the "pet" was obliged to introduce him.

Another flitting was incontemplation. License could not rest, and Ori must go hunting rooms. Mrs. Hooper had left her property on Taylor street, and now was living on the rear of certain property that she owned on Post street.

At last Ori found rooms that suited License. She had been getting near and nearer the residence of the "pet." And this time License moved just three doors above Mrs. Hooper. From his window he could look down the alley in which Mrs. Lein resided at this time. As we have said the "ladies man" and the "pet" had in contemplation a trip to New York, under the auspices of Mrs. Hooper, who was about selling the property on the alley for the purpose of making a visit East. License was continually telling Ori that he must go East on business of importance. He had decided to go in December, but that depended on a gentleman who was to accompany him. You can see that his stories did not agree.

Ori had private information of their plans; which she kept secret, hoping that they would succeed, that License might enjoy the festivities of the season with his Christian brother. For her part she longed for peace; and if License left she would be at liberty to visit a little grandson, that she was expecting about Christmas.

But the proverb was as true in their case, as it ever is, that

"Man proposes, and God disposes."

We have said that the small-pox was raging, and the most of the inhabitants were terrified, and soon the lovely child who had opened the door for Ori, on the occasion of her call on the "pet"—was stricken down; and the Great Jehovah took her. But she had given her testimoney to Mr. Lien, that Ori had been to the house. When her grandma wished to know why she had not told her; the child replied:

"Because auntie told me that I must not."

In a short time her little brother was taken to join his sister in a home in Heaven—by the same disease.

Ori's heart ached for that grandmother. What sorrow was her's with no daughter to comfort or cheer her.

Ori sat communing with her own heart, when the last little form was taken from the house. There being no funeral allowed, by law; it was sad to see the dead carried away like dogs, without a mourner.

How sad she had thought her own lot, but what was her trouble compared with that mother's; who must see and know of the infamous character of her daughter. Ori thought it must be a great trial to see a son going on in sin, but to have such a daughter must be the hardest cross to bear. But dear reader this trial is a common one in San Francisco.

"It is good, it was kind in the wise *One* above,
To fling destiny's veil o'er the face of our years,
That we dread not the blow that shall strike at our love,
And expect not the beams that shall dry up our tears.
Did we know that the voices now gentle and bland
Will forego the fond word, and the whispering tone;
Did we know that the eager and warm pressing hand
Will be joyfully forward in casting the stone;
Did we know the affection engrossing our breast
Will end, as it oft'n does, in madness and pain;
That the passionate heart will but hazard its rest,
And be wrecked on the shore it is panting to gain;
Oh! did we but know of the shadows so nigh,
The world would indeed be a prison of *gloom*;
All light would be quenched in youth's eloquent eye,
And the prayer-lisping infant would ask for the tomb."

We have seen a mother going round our streets, insane, with the idea that she had not brought up her daughters as she should have done—going from one minister to another saying, that she had committed the unpardonable sin, her trouble was that her two married daughters had entered their names on the list of those exceedingly cheap prostitutes, who are silly enough to spoil the business of the brothels of San Francisco, and have rendered themselves for less respectable than the nymphs of the pave. They do not appear to know that the men who go with them, are ridiculing them, when they meet together and congratulating each other on the exceeding low price for which one-third of the married women of San Francisco can be enticed. These women associate with our youths and enter our churches.

When will this course of society—this moral leprosy be removed? We have heard careful mother's ask. We answer, not until the LICENSE men are driven from society, as it takes two bad men to make one such woman.

You have seen that the death of the children put a stop to the sale of the house as no one would live in it on account of the virulence of the small pox. Mrs. Hooper and her daughter moved to the house facing the street. And License said no more of the proposed visit to New York, but was more attentive to his mistress—and less, if possible, to his wife.

"I will not be to breakfast," he said one Wednesday morning; Brewlerly can't spare me."

Of all the mornings in the week, Wednesday was the one on which Ori would be the least likely to expect him. But just as she had finished her own repast, License came to inform her that their daughter Angelica, had fallen down stairs the night before, with a lighted lamp in her hand.

Ori did not wait for more; but hastily putting on her things, hurried off at once to her faithful child: and found that although she was badly injured, her injuries might have been worse. She was lying on her couch utterly helpless, having a large piece of plaster across the bridge of her nose, and both hands bound up. Rosa, who had shown the way up to the room remarked: "Ye'es may thank God mum, that your daughter was not burned to death."

As Ori stood gazing at Angelica mentally ejaculating praises to the Great Father; she inquired how it had happened. Angelica answered, "I can scarcely account for it. But Rosa has observed the smallest possible point of a nail projecting from the heel of my gaiter, which must have caught in the stair-carpet."

"Where do you feel the greatest pain?"

"In my right hand and elbow."

Ori gave her patient daughter a dose of arnica, as she was badly cut with broken glass, but not burned; and bathing her with arnica water; wrapped the poor hands in cloths wetted with the same lotion. Then smoothing out her flowing curls, covered them with a net, and assisted Angelica to a more comfortable position. License had given Ori permission to remain, that she might amuse the baby Lilli, who was very desirous of pulling off the huge plaster from her mothers nose.

The following Sabbath, License remarked to his daughter:

"Keep your mother as long as you can make any use of her."

"Come again soon papa."

"I don't know as I can; business is so pressing."

And with this falsehood, License left them to meet the "pet" in a certain church. Now they might have a good time surely, Mr. Lein was not in the city, and Ori far out in the suburbs. And so they did; but it is impossible for such people to keep their ways a secret: as those adulteresses are all known. Even when they leave an innocent babe in the cradle, with a pretense of going to the dress-makers, there are human eyes who see them go to a certain house on Pine street, and houses of like reputation.

License did not visit his loving daughter often, and when he did go, he took good care to write to his people, and inform Mrs. Ayers, so that all thought that he visited her frequently. But for three weeks that Ori spent the most of her time with her, License called but four times, and probably whenever he wrote, he referred to those particular times. He had informed Mr. Brewerly that Ori remained there against his will. This he said to make a point.

One Sabbath morning Mr. Brewerly called to see License, who happened not to be in a very amiable mood. He and the "pet" had been disagreeing this time, and he was finding a deal of fault with Ori telling Mrs. Friend, the landlady, that there was as good "fish in the sea as ever was caught." Mrs. Friend inquired what he wished to have done.

"I have a button loose on the band of my shirt."

"I will sew it on for you. I am willing to do any thing for you while your wife is absent."

"I do not need the services of any woman," he returned, and entering the parlor where Mr. Brewerly was seated, he made woeful complaints, and shed abundance of crocodile tears, asserting that he was an abused man.

"Why do you not go for your wife."

"If she does not come 'till I bring her, she will remain there always."

Ori returned as usual on Monday and informed Mrs. Friend that Angelica could use the fingers of her right hand, and she would return home the day following, to remain, but she did wish that she could bring the little Lillie with her, as she did not like to leave the little darling.

"Why do you not bring her? I would not object."

"But License would not have a baby in the house."

"What does he do when he remains all night in baby's house."

"He has never been all night with us. Angelica has not seen him in a week and she is feeling quite hurt about it."

This opened the eyes of Mrs. Friend, and when Mr. Brewerly called the following Sabbath Mrs. Friend entertained him in the parlor, before she announced him to License and Ori.

When Mr. Brewerly repeated some of the faults of Ori complained of by License, Mrs. Friend explained certain things by which she had been enlightened. Brewerly repeated this to License, and he fearing Ori had at last obtained a witness to aid her in getting a divorce; set to work making his points telling Ori that he could bring a man to swear that that Mrs. Friend was a doubtful character. Ori replied that she had always been very kind to her, and that she had never seen her do any thing wrong.

"Well I have; and Brewerly has, we have both of us tried her."

Ori saw how low men would stoop to ruin a woman's character. It is in this way that some men show their manhood. Ori decided to leave all to that Father who had upheld her with his powerful arm, although he had permitted her to walk in the dark, for what appeared to her to be a long time.

CHAPTER XI.

A DUN—BEAUX OBJECTED TO—COAXING—DISMISSAL—BOASTING—TURNED OUT.

"Mr. Cunning I must have the money you promised. I am tired of waiting to be placed in the same position as your niece, Mrs. Humphreys—nee Sadi Ayres—I am just as capable of filling a high place in society as she, you always told me so; and I believe that much of what you have said."

"You don't take in consideration, my 'pet,' that I have been obliged to give 'that dog in a pit' hundreds of dollars, to keep her from pouncing upon us; and that fool Brewerly has allowed Waters to get the bead start of us; and then we have had heavy losses in our business, which has put me back a considerable."

"That is all very fine; you had no business to let your wife have that slip of paper, then I might have got a divorce from Dick and could have married Scott who has lots of money; though I don't like his appearance. He is a mere stick. I could easily pull the wool over his eyes, and have all the beaux I want."

"That is one thing that I object to; I know that you are having too many beaux now; and you promised me to be true to me, and me alone."

"And so I have. I have refused many a buggy ride. And have waited as long as I intend to for the money that you promised."

"Well, my dear, you should have had it, if my partners had not treated me as they have done. Don't get angry my "pet," said he, throwing his arms around her neck, and drawing her close to his fatherly bosom," a short time will bring all things right with me, and meanwhile I will set you up in a store."

"I think I see myself in a store," said the "pet," trying to free herself from his embrace; "would you expect me to act as clerk?"

"Oh, no, but with your graceful lady-like manners you would attract a deal of custom. I propose hiring a store and three rooms, and you might keep fruit and confectionary, that would be a very good "blind," you know; you would keep it neat and nice, and would clear thirty or forty dollars a month, by the store alone."

"When I stoop to such a business as that, it will not be well for you Mr. Cunning, you have played your game long enough. I see now why your wife gave you up so gracefully. If you had been worth anything she would have asked as much for you as I would have asked for a French poodle, at the very least."

"This was too much for the "ladies' man." As the "pet" was not likely to be appeased by a trifle t is time, he took her at her word and left. The "pet" was but too happy to rid herself of this married man, as she had several "friends" of the same sort.

For know, Oh, my reader that two-thirds of the men of San Francisco, are insanely licentious, and appear to be past redemption; as certain men are known to leave the Sabbath School class to spend the remainder of God's Holy Day in houses of bad repute, or with such companions as the "pet." These words of Jeremiah are fully applicable to this large class :

"How shall I pardon thee for this? thy children have forsaken me, and sworn by them that are no god ; when I had fed them to the full, they then committed adulter , and assembled themselves by troops in the harlots' houses. They were as fed horses in the morning: every one neighed after his neighbors wife. Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord: and shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?"

Now that License had his dismissal from the "pet," he turned to Ori for awhile. The following Sabbath he forgot to attend to the Wells, Fargo letters

or did it in a remarkably short time, returning in time to take Ori and d Amy to church.

While in the house of God, License set his lecherous eyes on a swee etly pret- ty lass of some sixteen summers. Ori felt ashamed of him, thinking, with her acute conscientiousness that every one saw him. On leaving the e church, License inquired of Amy, who that young lady was, and Ori watched l and saw him gaze after her to see in what direction she turned. Ori could do o nothing to circumvent him. She could only pray that no harm might come to o that in- nocent child. License boastingly informed her that he could get th he best of any woman—in any society—in three days. She learned subsequen ntly, that he boasted among his associates that there were a few innocent girl cls in San Francisco yet; "wait till I bring my neat little girl to show you."

The Monday following, License wrote a note to Mrs. Friend, to th the effect that "when his wife was absent for the future, he would thank her, Mrs. s. Friend, not to do up his room. And he would be much obliged to her, if she w would not meddle in his family affairs." This he folded and sent by Amy; alth ough he passed Mrs. Friend daily in the hall. This was a delicate way of of his for acknowledging an obligation.

Mrs. Friend was determined to know what he meant by this note; ; but Li- cense refused to inform her. One evening she entered the parlor w where Li- cense and Ori were seated.

After a few pleasantries she inquired of License the desired informa ation.

"You know," said he.

"But I do not know; and I wish you to inform me."

"I could tell you something that would make your ears tingle?"

"What could you tell me to make my ears tingle?"

"Leave this room, Mrs. Friend."

"I wish you to answer my question first."

License, perfectly self-possessed, rose, and going to the sofa, on whi hich Mrs. Friend was seated, caught her by the arm, intending to put her ou ut of the room, but she resisted, and keeping her seat, inquiried for the——to o her—— important information.

As License could not force Mrs. Friend to leave, he ordered his wife fe to leave the room. Which she did, and stood by the open door.

Mrs. Friend finding that she could get no satisfaction, remarked: "M Mr. Cun- ning you remind me of a story that I once heard of a man who was as a little "tight," and being in the house with a number of ladies, boasted, with th a num- ber of flourishes, that he could whip every woman in the house.

Upon this License ordered Ori to return and be seated; Ori being g seated, Mrs. Friend quietly remarked:

"Mr. Cunning you are too much of a gentleman to give a lone wid idow any further trouble, and I wish you to vacate these rooms the last of the n month." After she retired, License turned to Ori remarking, "this is your wo ork, and I will remain as long as I feel inclined."

The following day Mrs. Friend sent a note to License—by the san ame little messenger—informing License that his rent would be one hundred dol llars for the ensuing month.

At first License refused to receive this note, but finding himself co ompelled to notice the warning, he informed Ori that he could not get rooms until il the fol- lowing Spring and she must board with Mr. Costar. License hired l a room for himself, hoping to have as good a time as he had had the previous us winter in Sacramento, where he had caused one woman to be expelled from t the Dis- senting Church, of which she was a member.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

As you would no doubt like to know what has become of the different actors in this little drama, we will inform you that Alexis died at sea, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, he having taken a voyage for the benefit of his health.

Kitty Cunning married Mr. Wamblecrop, who in the commencement of the late civil war, was made a Captain in the Confederate Army and fell at Fort Sumter.

The widow Wamblecrop is now living in a southern city; and we must give Tobias Peter Cunning the credit of caring for Captain Wamblecrop's helpless family. That being one of the good deeds of the Deacon of —— Church, New York; and we believe that Ori—his sister-in-law—is the only person that he would have incarcerated in a Lunatic Asylum.

License is still at large, deceiving and being deceived; we hope to give our readers the sequel of our o'wer true tale with the political career of License in a short time.

Ori is happy in the bosom of her family, chaunting Hymns of Praise to the Great Father who has brought her safely through numberless trials. To his name be Honor and Glory now and evermore.

"I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will show forth all thy marvellous wofks.

I will be glad and rejoice in thee; I will sing praise to thy name, O thy Most High.

When thine enemies are turned back, they shall fall and perish at thy presence.

For thou hast maintained my right and my cause: thou satest on the throne judging right."

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